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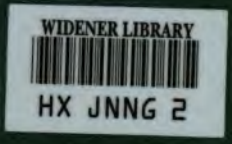
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SATIRICAL VIEW

OF

LONDON;

OR,

A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH

OF THE

ENGLISH METROPOLIS:

WITH

STRICTURES ON MEN AND MANNERS.

By JOHN CORRY,

AUTHOR OF THE DETECTOR OF QUACKERY, ORIGINAL TALES, &c.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. OGLE, GREAT TURNSTILE, HOLBORN; B. CROSBY AND CO, STATIONERS' COURT; AND J. STUART, PRINCE'S-STREET, LEICESTER-SQUARE.

1804.

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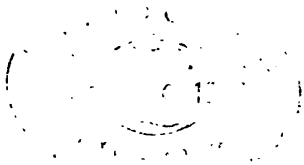

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DEDICATION.

TO

MR. MATHEW WIGHAM,

HIGH HOLBORN,

This third edition of a Book, which has been liberally patronized by the Public, is inscribed, as a memorial of the esteem of

THE AUTHOR.

London,
January 1st, 1804.

" A very entertaining and well-written performance, the author of which appears to be a man of extensive knowledge and just observation, possessing also an acute discrimination of characters and manners."

Monthly Review, for June, 1801.

" This work affords entertainment, and may be perused with considerable profit by a numerous class of readers. The author's bill of fare will be found to contain sufficient variety, and may, perhaps, have something not ungrateful to every palate. We wish it a numerous and respectable acquaintance, and that it may do much good to the author and the public."

Antijacobin Review, for September, 1801.

" Such works, when well executed, which this is in a considerable degree, act as supplementary to the laws; and men may be sometimes *shamed out of the follies of fashionable life*, who would cling more closely to them if they were prohibited by authority."

New Annual Register, for 1801.

This is the second edition of a work which we have already noticed with approbation, but the present impression is so much improved, that it seemed to claim this brief notification. At the same time we are induced to give a short [illegible], for the profitable perusal of our fair country women."

Monthly Mirror, for January, 1802.

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A

SATIRICAL VIEW

OF

LONDON.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF THE ENGLISH METROPOLIS.

IN the lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, this ancient capital has been so often rebuilt, that not a fragment of its first rude architecture remains. To contemplate the metropolis in its present state must excite the most sublime emotions of admiration in the bosom of the philanthropist. The power of language is, indeed, inadequate to give a distinct idea of the vast population, wealth, and magnificence of London.

> " Babylon of old
> Not more the glory of the world than she,
> And more accomplish'd world's chief glory now."

Here we behold society in the most refined and perfect state it has hitherto attained among mankind. Men of genius from different parts of the United Kingdom adventure hither, and by the exertion of their talents contribute to the diffusion of useful knowledge throughout the state. Ingenious foreigners also come to share the rewards and honours conferred, by a rich and sensible people, on whoever is found worthy of their patronage. In this great city societies are instituted for the encouragement of useful and elegant arts; seminaries established for the instruction of youth; and hospitals and alms-houses built for the relief of the sick and the solace of the indigent.

A contemplative stranger on his arrival in London naturally enquires—From what source are those treasures supplied, which, as if by magic, rear new streets and squares? By what Herculean power were those magnificent and solid bridges thrown across a wide and rapid river? By whom were those superb churches erected, which appear so glorious "*with glittering spires and pinnacles adorn'd?*" Whence were those capacious warehouses and shops filled with such abundance of merchandise? All those owe their existence to freedom, industry, and commerce.

The enterprising genius of our islanders has laid the habitable globe under contribution. It is to the extensive intercourse which we hold with other nations, and which is facilitated by the excellence of our shipping and the skill of our sailors, that we are indebted for that pre-eminence in trade which we claim over all the other communities.

But the greatest incitement to industry is the certainty of protection from rapine. Equitable laws not only protect the persons and property of the inhabitants of London, but enjoin many excellent regulations for the preservation of the public tranquility, unknown in other populous cities. It is to the original excellence of the English constitution that we are principally indebted for the present opulence and refinement of the nation. The disposition of the people has been gradually meliorated by the rewards of industry, and the urbanity of the *natives* of London renders it a most desirable place of residence. —Among other local advantages, the convenience of the houses, the cleanliness of the people, and the excellence of the necessaries of life, give this city a decided superiority over all others.

London is situated in latitude 51 degrees 31 minutes North. It is built on the banks of the river Thames, about sixty miles from the sea, and consists of three divisions. The eastern division contains the ancient city of London, with its suburbs, and is the great centre, not only of the commerce of the British isles, but of all Europe! Westminster, the central division, is also an ancient city, which occupies the northern bank of the Thames, to a considerable extent. It is chiefly remarkable for being the seat of Government, and of course, the centre of elegance and politeness. Another principal division of the metropolis is the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, which within the last fifty years, has increased from a few houses, to upwards of 8000, built with the most perfect regularity, and forming a variety of beauti-

tiful streets and squares, the residence of several of the nobility, gentry, and merchants. It is to be regretted, indeed, that some streets in this quarter of the Town are principally inhabited by demireps, prostitutes, pettifoggers, panders, and swindlers. On the other hand, several houses in the environs, are the residence of authors and artists, and are thus consecrated by genius and virtue. Southwark is another division of this capital. It is a borough of Surry, and occupies the southern bank of the Thames for several miles.

In consequence of the continual improvements of London, especially the environs, it is difficult to ascertain its extent. "This great City," says Mr. Colquhoun, "comprehends, besides London, Westminster, and Southwark, no less than 45 villages now exceedingly enlarged, independent of a vast accession of buildings upon the open fields in the vicinity. It extends to nearly *eight* miles in length, is *three* miles at least in breadth, and not less than twenty-six in circumference; containing above 8000 streets, lanes, alleys, and courts; and 65 squares; in which are more than 160,000 houses, warehouses, and other buildings, besides churches and chapels for religious worship. The number of inhabitants occupying these various houses and buildings, may be rationally estimated at one million at least."

It appears, however, that Mr. C.'s estimate is inaccurate. The following abstract of the population of the metropolis, taken in March 1801, ascertains the real number of houses and inhabitants.

		HOUSES.			PERSONS.		OCCUPATIONS.			Total o. Persons.
		Inhabited.	Number of Families.	Uninhabited.	Males.	Females.	Persons chiefly employed in agriculture.	Persons employed in Trade, Manufacture, or Handicraft.	All others, not comprised in the two preceding classes	
Within the Bills of Mortality.	London within the Walls	12,224	16,229	325	37,020	38,151	14	23,659	50,837	75,171
	London without the Walls	26,680	36,178	682	69,827	77,402	167	36,632	97,015	147,229
	Out Parishes in Middlesex and Surry	56,207	93,886	2,244	163,899	200,627	5,011	69,632	287,941	364,526
	City and Liberties of Westminster	18,231	40,833	784	71,381	86,909	278	35,931	122,891	158,210
	Inns of Court, extra parochial	1,238	816	62	1,293	614	----------	46	1,682	1,907
Parishes not within the Bills of Mortality.		14,657	28,131	1,088	50,029	67,773	756	14,150	102,896	117,802
Total		121,229	271,603	5,185	393,369	471,476	6,226	178,855	663,262	864,845

The accuracy of the foregoing abstract is indisputable, as the estimate was taken in the course of one day, the 10th of March, and it has been published by the authority of parliament. Consequently Mr. Colquhoun has over-rated the population and the number of buildings. The population abstract however, did not include the churches, and other edifices.

The disparity between the number of males and females, must strike the reflecting mind. It appears that the number of females exceeds that of males by 78,107 persons, which is principally to be accounted for by the metropolis being a maritime town, and consequently males adventure to different parts of the globe. This superflux of women, however, is one great source of evil to that amiable sex; for many of them are seduced, who, if the number of the sexes were equal, would in the connubial state have contributed to the strength and beauty of the social edifice.

The situation of London, on the banks of a wide and deep river, is admirably adapted to foreign commerce; and the completion of the Grand Junction Canal has, by a general inland navigation, facilitated its intercourse with the interior, which supplies it with abundance of necessaries, and receives the produce of every clime in return.

London and Westminster occupy the northern bank of the Thames, and are built on a gravelly soil, on hills which gradually rise from the water side; while Southwark is built on a plain, along the Southern bank of the river. Its situation is salubrious; and the Thames, which is nearly a quarter of a mile broad, and twelve feet deep, is alternately

agitated by the tide, or a brisk current, which brings constant supplies of fresh air. The sewers, which convey the filth into the river, are also conducive to the cleanliness of this capital and the health of the inhabitants.

This metropolis is viewed to the greatest advantage from the bridges. The prospect from Westminster Bridge is truly magnificent, especially in the afternoon, when the sun illumines the buildings and spires. From this point of view, the city appears semicircular, along the bank of the Thames, which flows majestically, and presents its broad and curvated stream, interspersed with boats and barges.

From Blackfriars bridge the prospect is still more interesting and delightful: westward, the superb front of Somerset-Place, the light and graceful architecture of Westminster-Bridge, and the Gothic grandeur of the Abbey, are noble objects. Towards the East, St. Paul's Cathedral towers in unrivalled magnitude and elegance, "amongst ten thousand eminently fair;" beyond its stately cupola numerous Gothic spires and towers rear their airy piles in beautiful variety, and amongst these the Monument is a conspicuous object. London-Bridge interrupts a distinct view of the shipping which extends along the river for some miles; but enough appears of the numerous masts to give an idea of foreign commerce.

From this general sketch of the metropolis, we shall now proceed to particularize the most remarkable and prominent beauties which are worthy the observation of the stranger, beginning with a description of that celebrated river from which London derives its opulence and grandeur.

THE RIVER THAMES.

THE source of this river is two miles S. W. of Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, whence it flows increasing in its progress by the confluence of various rivulets, till it becomes navigable for barges of 90 tons at the distance of 138 miles from the capital. It is navigable by the largest ships up to Deptford, and by ships of 800 tons to London-Bridge.

One of the most pleasing summer amusements of the citizens is an excursion, up the Thames to Richmond, and down the river to Blackwall, or Greenwich.

LONDON BRIDGE.

THIS bridge is 915 feet in length and 45 feet in breadth. It consists of 19 arches, all of which except the central arch are only 20 feet wide. London-Bridge was for ages encumbered with houses built on each side; which were removed in 1756. The upper part of the bridge was then rebuilt in a modern style of architecture, but the heavy sterlings, by contracting the space between the piers, occasion a rapid fall of water at the ebb of the tide, which renders the passage between the arches very dangerous to small craft, insomuch that a number of valuable lives are yearly lost to the community. Several plans have been proposed for the erection of a new bridge, on the scite of the present, and an iron bridge of a single arch has been approved by

a committee of the House of Commons. This immense arch when erected will be one of the principal beauties of the metropolis, and add greatly to its magnificence. The spectator will be able to form an idea of the commercial prosperity of London, by a view of the shipping which lie on each side of the river Eastward of this bridge; while the Tower, the Monument, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Blackfriars-Bridge, present various beauties of architecture.

THE MONUMENT.

ONE of the most elegant architectural ornaments of the capital, is the Monument, which is situated two hundred yards to the northward of London-Bridge. It is a fluted column of the Doric order, 202 feet high, with a balcony inclosed by an iron railing near the top. The public are admitted to this balcony by a flight of spiral steps in the inside of the column. The price of admission is sixpence, and in fine weather the prospect of the metropolis and its environs is delightful.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

IN the centre of the metropolis, this magnificent structure presents a most interesting object. The first stone of Blackfriars bridge was laid in the year 1760, it was finished in the space of nine years, and cost £.252,840. It is 1100 feet long, 42 broad, and consists of eight piers, with nine

elliptical arches, of which the central is 100 feet wide. This bridge is built of Portland stone; the pillars are of the Ionic order, and it is adorned with ballustrades. Along the sides there are recesses for foot passengers; and the prospect of the river, with numerous barges and wherries in motion, together with a distinct view of St. Paul's, Somerset House, London and Westminster Bridges, present a grand combination of picturesque objects to the eye.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

This elegant bridge is built of Portland stone. It is 1,223 feet in length, and 44 feet in breadth, consists of 15 arches, and is adorned with 28 semi-octangular towers. The first stone of this beautiful bridge was laid in the year 1738; it was finished in 1750, at the expence of £.289,500. From the centre of this bridge a most charming prospect is seen of the western part of the metropolis, and the hills of Surrey; the beautiful windings of the majestic Thames; the venerable edifice of Westminster Abbey; and a variety of public buildings; while the animated scene of a multitude of passengers in continual succession, gives a lively idea of busy life in this populous capital.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Among the public buildings consecrated to the Deity, the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's is

the most conspicuous and extensive. This noble fabric stands in the centre of the metropolis. It is built of Portland stone, in the form of a cross; with a lofty dome, surmounted by a lanthorn, surrounded by a balcony, and adorned with columns of the Corinthian order. The lanthorn is crowned with a gilded ball and cross.

The circumference of this cathedral within is 2,292 feet, the length 500, the breadth 250, and the height 500 feet. Three elegant porticos form some of the principal ornaments of this stately structure, one facing the North, another South, and the principal and most beautiful portico facing the West. The western portico consists of twelve columns of the composite order, which support a pediment, adorned with the history of the conversion of St. Paul, in basso-relievo. The corners of the western front, are adorned by light and airy turrets. Language is inadequate to communicate the sublime image of architectural elegance, which fills the imagination of the spectator, on approaching this Cathedral from Ludgate-Hill. It is a noble monument of the piety, taste, and opulence of our ancestors; a Temple worthy to be erected by the hands of freemen, to that all-gracious Being whose providence has blessed the happy inhabitants of Britain with protection.

The internal decorations of this Cathedral are inferior to the superb combination of the beauties of architecture presented by the exterior. It is the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, who laid the first stone on the 21st of June, 1675, and completed the fabric in 1710, at the expence of £.727,952. The curiosities of this Cathedral may

be viewed for half-a-crown. They consist of the *whispering gallery*; the *two galleries* on the outside of the building; the *geometrical stair-case*; the *great bell*, in the southern tower; and *the ball*.

The body of the church is decorated with the flags and standards taken from the French and Dutch, in the late war; and it is now adorned with the statues of that sublime moralist, elegant writer, and excellent critic, Dr. Samuel Johnson; the illustrious philanthropist, Howard; Captain Burgess, of the navy; and General Abercrombie.

St. Paul's Cathedral is open for Divine Service, at six o'clock in the morning, a quarter before ten in the forenoon, and a quarter before three in the afternoon.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THIS venerable Gothic pile is, next to St. Paul's, the most remarkable edifice consecrated to religion in the English metropolis. From its first foundation by Sebert, King of the West Saxons, it underwent many dilapidations, till it was rebuilt in its present form by Henry III.

Westminster Abbey is 489 feet in length, 66 feet in breadth at the western front; the length of the cross aisle is 189 feet, and the roof is 90 feet high. The west end is adorned with two turrets. The interior is magnificent; the roof is supported by two rows of arches, resting upon pillars of marble; and the choir, which contains an altar-piece of white marble, is the most beautiful in Europe. The ceremony of the coronation of the kings and

queens of England is performed in this choir. Indeed, the whole appearance of this majestic pile is calculated to excite the most sublime and affecting ideas, for the stranger at almost every step discovers some monument consecrated to departed genius and virtue. The Poet's corner, in the south cross aisle, is peculiarly calculated to impress the mind of sensibility with awe and tenderness; and while we read the inscriptions on the monuments of Milton, Spencer, Shakespeare, Dryden, and Goldsmith, the bosom thrills with a proud recollection of some of the most energetic effusions of the English Muse. The remains of that excellent moralist and critic, Dr. Johnson, are interred a few paces in front of the statue of Shakespeare; but the admirer of genius looks around, in vain, for a memorial of our sweetest bard, the elegant Pope.

The curiosities of Westminster Abbey are numerous. Edward the Confessor's Chapel contains his chair, in which the kings and queens of England are crowned.

The Chapel of Henry VII. contains his tomb, and a variety of curiosities.

The prospect from the western tower of the Abbey is highly picturesque and delightful, presenting a great part of Westminster and its environs; a distant view of Hyde Park, the Serpentine River, and Kensington Gardens; many magnificent public buildings, particularly the Banquetting-House, at Whitehall; the Bridges, with the majestic sweep of the river; together with a view of Somerset House, St. Paul's Cathedral, and a variety of towering spires.

All the curiosities of Westminster Abbey may be

seen for one shilling and sixpence, and the stranger will be amply gratified by his visit.

The King's, or Westminster School, stands near the Abbey. This institution was founded in 1070, and is at present one of the greatest schools in England. It is conducted by two masters and five ushers, and contains about 400 scholars.

The entrance of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, has been praised by architects and men of taste. It stands near the Mansion-House, and is built in the form of a cross. The beautiful dome, and superb roof, supported by columns of the Corinthian order, present a rich assemblage of architectural elegance.

The exterior of St. George's Church, Hanover-square, particularly its stately portico, has been justly admired; and the portico of St. Martin's Church is also very magnificent. Most of the remaining churches have nothing remarkable, except the pleasing variety of Gothic spires, which give the eastern part of the metropolis such a superiority, in point of appearance, over all other cities in the world.

The number of churches in the metropolis is 122, including St Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey, or the Collegiate Church of St. Peter; besides 150 Chapels, 150 Meeting houses, and six Synagogues. Total of places of public worship, 428.

Next to the places set apart for the purposes of religion may be mentioned the various institutions for education. These are numerous, and amount to 4,050, including 16 Inns of Court; 5 Colleges; 62 Public schools; 237 parish schools; and 3,730 private schools.

The number of Hospitals, Alms houses, Dispensaries, and other charitable institutions, amount to 164.

An estimate of the consumption of provisions has been given in the Encyclopedia Britannica and other recent publications; but these calculations must necessarily be vague and unsatisfactory.

The several markets established in this metropolis are under excellent regulations. The most remarkable are West-Smithfield, for cattle and horses; Leadenhall, Newgate, and Fleet markets, for butchers meat; and Covent Garden for vegetables and fruit.

COURTS OF JUDICATURE, PRISONS, *&c.*

THERE are 57 Courts of Justice in the metropolis, four Ecclesiastical courts; 14 Prisons, and four Houses of Correction.

From the abovementioned view, it must be evident, that, with all the boasted advantages enjoyed by man in a wealthy and populous capital, he is yet far from that state of moral perfection so fondly pictured by speculative philosophers. The highest encomiums have been lavished on the founders of hospitals and alms houses; but were the simple principles of beneficence practised by statesmen, there would be no occasion for such asylums for the unfortunate. Relief to the indigent, distributed at their houses, or lodgings, would be more beneficial than that afforded by the most extensive workhouse; and the delicacy and sensibility of many a worthy mind would be preserved from the degradation of beggary. It is

in consequence of frequent wars, multiplied taxes, the luxurious waste of the opulent, and the connivance of men in power at gaming and inebriation, that the most polished nations of Europe languish under a variety of wretchedness, nor can the eye of the philanthropist perceive one ray of hope in the whole gloomy horizon of political oppression.

Our workhouses are in reality dormitories, where human activity and strength are suffered to remain unexerted; where infancy is nursed in the lap of ignorance, and afterwards set adrift on the ocean of life, like a ship without a rudder. But are not the Houses of Correction and Prisons productive of a reformation of morals? Alas! the very reverse is the case. It is the misfortune of the prisoner, confined for debt, or his crimes, to become *worse*, instead of better, by confinement. As for the unhappy woman who is immured in a prison, her finer sensibilities are gradually blunted by an intercourse with the vicious; an intercourse which she is unable to avoid, unless she can hire an apartment, where in seclusion she may reflect on her misfortunes in hopeless sorrow.

PUBLIC COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THIS building is admirably adapted to the purposes of commerce. It was originally founded in 1566; but being destroyed by the great fire in 1666, it was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren.

The Royal Exchange is situated on the northern

side of Cornhill, and has two fronts, each of which communicates with the area by a gateway. The area is divided into twenty walks, where merchants of different nations assemble for the dispatch of business, which is principally transacted from three to four o'clock in the afternoon. The Royal Exchange is open from eight o'clock in the morning till six in the evening; and the stranger will be much gratified by the regularity and order with which business to an immense amount is transacted.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THIS depository of wealth is of the utmost consequence to the commercial prosperity of the nation. It is a detached building of stone, situated in Threadneedle-street. The Company of the Bank of England was incorporated, by an act of the legislature in the reign of William III. their capital was then limited to £.1,200,000, but at present it amounts to £.11,550,000. The whole interior of this building may be viewed in company with one of the clerks, and the hours of business are from nine o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon.

SOMERSET PLACE.

THIS lofty and magnificent pile is the most extensive and elegant commercial edifice in Europe. It stands on the northern bank of the river, in the centre of the metropolis, and takes its name from Somerset, the protector, who built a palace on its site in the year 1549.

In consequence of an act of parliament, the original structure was demolished, and the present edifice was erected for the accommodation of the public offices.

The grand entrance by three arches is from the Strand, and the front consists of a rustic basement, with columns in the Corinthian order, surmounted by an Attic story adorned with a ballustrade. The court is adorned with a statue of his Majesty, with an emblematic figure of the Thames at his feet.

The Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and the Royal Academy, have rooms in Somerset Place, and several public offices occupy the other part of this extensive structure.

Business is transacted with remarkable order and dispatch in the public offices at Somerset-Place, of which there are at present no less than 21; namely, Survey of Crown Lands, Lord Treasurers, Navy, Navy Pay, Comptroller of the Pipe, Salt, Sick and Hurt, Stage Coach Duty, Hackney Coach, Stamps, Tax, Victualling, Auditor of Imprests, Clerk of the Estreats, Duchy Courts of Lancaster and Cornwall, Hawkers and Pedlars, Horse Duty, Remembrancers, Lottery, Signet, and Wine Licence.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE

Is situated to the west of the Tower, on the bank of the Thames, and appropriated to the receiving of the duties, called the customs, on imports and exports.

THE EXCISE OFFICE

Is a stone building, erected in 1763, and appropriated to the receipt of the excise duties.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE

Is situated near Lombard-street. This excellent commercial institution is of the utmost importance to the prosperity of the community, and admirable for the regularity, dispatch and security, with which letters are conveyed to every part of the United Kingdom.

The receiving houses for letters are open in Westminster till four o'clock, and in the city till five o'clock, in the afternoon. Bellmen collect letters till six o'clock, and at the General Post-Office, letters are received till seven o'clock.

By a regulation adopted in June 1802, no letters are to be returned.

The following are the rates of postage of *single* letters, from any post office in England or Wales.

For any distance	Pence.
not exceeding 15 miles	3
25 & not exceeding 30	4
30 50	5
50 80	6
80 130	7
130 170	8
170 230	9
230 300	10

Above the distance of 300 miles, the postage is increased progressively *one penny* for 100 miles.

The postage must be paid for all letters to the undermentioned foreign places:

	Pence.
For France, Flanders, & Holland	10
For Italy, by Hamburgh	16
For the north of Europe, Germany & Turkey	16
For Spain & Minorca	22
For Lisbon	26
For America & the West-Indies	22

A letter box is provided at the India House for the reception of letters to the East Indies.

Another excellent regulation is the *Two-penny Post Office*. There are several receiving houses in the metropolis and its environs, for letters to be conveyed by the Twopenny post. The two principal offices are, one at the General-Post Office, Lombard-street, and the other in Gerrard-street, Soho. Six collections and deliveries of letters are made in the metropolis every day (Sundays excepted).

Next to the abovementioned commercial institutions, which are under the controul of Government, may be classed those structures erected by the Corporation of London and the East-India Company.

THE MANSION HOUSE.

This structure is of Portland stone; the portico is adorned with six fluted columns of the Corinthian order, which support a pediment adorned with emblematic figures.

The Mansion house is situated westward of Cornhill, and is the residence of the Lord-Mayor of London.

GUILDHALL.

THIS Gothic edifice is the public hall of the City, where the citizens assemble to chuse their representatives in parliament, and their public officers. There are apartments in this building in which the courts of the city are held. Guildhall is worthy the attention of the curious stranger, who will easily obtain admittance.

Besides the public buildings beforementioned there are others appropriated to commerce, deserving of notice, either for the elegance of architecture, or their extent and convenience. The most remarkable are,

The East-India House, in Leadenhall-street, which is adorned with an elegant front of Portland stone.

The South-Sea House; The Trinity House; The Corn-Exchange; the Coal Exchange; and the *forty-nine* Halls of the City Companies, are also worthy of observation.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, *and* SCHOOLS.

The Temple was founded by the *Knights-Templars*, in the year 1185. It is an irregular building of considerable extent: the two entrances are from Fleet-street; and its gardens, which are open to the public in summer, extend along the bank of the Thames, and in fine weather present the beautiful and interesting scene of a crowded promenade. The church of the Temple is one of the most beautiful Gothic buildings in Europe. This church belongs to the two societies of Law-students which now occupy the Temple.

Among the various Inns of Court, *Lincoln's-Inn*, situated on the west side of Chancery-Lane, is most worthy of observation, on account of its extent; the beauty of its gardens, which are open to the public; and the magnificence of the range of modern *stone buildings*, with the front towards the gardens.

Gray's-Inn is situated on the northern side of Holborn; it contains a handsome square, but is chiefly remarkable for its gardens, covered in summer with beautiful verdure, and adorned with lofty groves. Staples-Inn, Clifford's-Inn, Barnard's-Inn, Furnival's-Inn, Lyon's-Inn, and Clement's-Inn, contain nothing worthy of description.

The College of Physicians, instituted by Henry VIII. is a brick building, adorned with a portico of stone. It is situated in Warwick-Lane, and forms a contrast to the disgusting fetor and filth of the shambles in its vicinity.

The Rolls Chapel, situated in Chancery-Lane, is the repository of the modern records of the realm.

Doctors Commons, where courts are kept for the trial of ecclesiastical causes, is a structure of brick, situated to the south of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The College of Heralds, which stands in the vicinity of Doctors Commons, contains the records of the coats of arms of all the families in England.

The house of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, is situated in John-Street, Adelphi. This patriotic society was instituted about half a century ago, and has contributed to the increase of national wealth, by liberal premiums bestowed on the successful cultivators of the useful arts.

The Royal Institution of Great Britain was incorporated for "the diffusion of knowledge, and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical improvements." But the chimerical experiments of Count Rumford savour too much of *quackery* to excite much hope that his plans of economy can ever be realized.

The Royal Society, and *Antiquarian Society*, hold their meetings in the rooms appropriated to them in Somerset-Place.

MUSEUMS.

I. *The British Museum* is a depository of antiquities, libraries, manuscripts, and curiosities in natural history. This structure is situated in Great Russel-Street, Bloomsbury; and tickets of free admission may be obtained by application at the porter's lodge at the entrance.

II. *The Leverian Museum*, consisting of a collection of subjects of natural history, is situated on the Surry side of Blackfriars-Bridge. The terms of admission *one shilling*.

HOSPITALS *and* PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Christ's Hospital, to the north of Newgate-street, was founded by Edward VI. for the maintenance and education of the orphans of poor freemen of London.

One thousand children are at present on this excellent establishment, and the annual expediture is £30,000.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital was founded in 1102, for the relief of the sick and maimed, and rebuilt of stone in the present magnificent style in 1730. This structure is situated near West-Smithfield. Indigent persons, maimed by accident, are admitted without previous recommendation *at all hours of the day and night*; and diseased persons are received on petition, signed by a governor. A committee of the governors sit every Thursday at the Hospital, to determine on petitions.

St. Thomas's Hospital, situated in the Borough of Southwark, was originally erected in the year 1215, for the relief of the indigent, maimed by accident or afflicted with disease.

Guy's Hospital was erected by Thomas Guy, a bookseller of London, who founded it at the expence of £.20,000, and bequeathed £.220,000 for its endowment. The in-patients in this establishment are 432 in number, besides about 2000 out-patients, who are annually relieved.

Bethlem Hospital, for the cure of lunatics, is an extensive structure of brick and stone, situated on the south side of Moorfields. At present this hospital contains about 250 patients.

St. Luke's Hospital, for the cure of lunatics, is an extensive structure, built of brick and stone, in a simple and beautiful style of architecture. Its situation is airy and salubrious, on the western side of the City Road; and the interior is the most perfect model of cleanliness and convenience.

The Foundling Hospital was established by royal charter in the year 1751, "for preventing the further murders of poor miserable infants at their birth, and for suppressing the inhuman custom of exposing new-born infants to perish in the streets."

The Magdalen Hospital was opened in 1751, for the reception of penitent prostitutes; and a majority of the young women admitted, have been restored to their friends, or placed in situations where they can earn an honest livelihood. From the first institution of this Hospital, Aug. 10th, 1758, to Jan. 7th, 1802, there have been 3437 women admitted, most of whom were under twenty years of age. Of this number nearly 3000 have been reclaimed, and restored to domestic happiness.

The Asylum, for female orphans, was instituted to *prevent prostitution*.

Rayswater general *Lying-in Hospital*, and four others of inferior note, are instituted for the reception of poor pregnant women.

Greenwich Hospital, justly celebrated for its magnificent architectural beauty, is situated on the southern bank of the Thames, at the distance of five miles from London-Bridge. It was founded by William III. for the relief of invalid seamen; and no less than 2410 pensioners, together with about 3000 out-pensioners, now receive benefit from this excellent institution.

Chelsea Hospital was founded by Charles II. for the relief of invalid soldiers, and affords relief to 500 in-pensioners and 10,000 out-pensioners.

Besides the abovementioned Hospitals, there are others for the relief of misery and indigence; and the estimate of the annual expenditure of the various Charitable Institutions of the metropolis, amounts, according to the calculations of Mr. Colquhoun, to £.850,000.

PALACES *and* ROYAL PARKS.

St. James's Palace was built by Henry VIII. The apartments are extremely elegant, although the exterior of the building, which is of brick, is by no means gratifying to the admirer of architecture.

This palace was the town residence of Queen Anne, Geo. I. and Geo. II. but is now only used by the King for purposes of state.

The Queen's Palace, or *Buckingham House*, is an elegant structure of brick. It stands at the western extremity of St. James's Park, and is the winter residence of his present Majesty.

St. James's Park is nearly two miles in circumference, of an oblong form, and adorned with a canal and noble rows of elms and lime-trees.

Hyde Park is situated at the western extremity of the capital. It is beautified with many plantations of young trees, and the Serpentine river adds much to the fine effect of the groves of *Kensington Gardens*. The extent of those magnificent gardens is nearly three miles and a half. In fine weather, on Sundays, in the spring, the promenades of Hyde-Park and Kensington Gardens, present a most amusing assemblage of human beings to the eye of the observer.

Kensington Palace is a heavy brick building.

The Banquetting House, which is all that remains of Whitehall Palace, is a beautiful fragment, consisting of two stories, the front of hewn stone, adorned with columns and pilasters of the Ionic and composite orders, with the capitals richly embellished.

The Palace of Westminster is a Gothic building, situated near the Abbey, and comprehending within

its precincts Westminster Hall, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons.

The Tower of London stands eastward of London-Bridge, and the exterior of the ditch which surrounds this fortress is 3156 feet in extent. On a platform, which runs along the bank of the Thames, sixty-one nine-pounders are mounted, which are fired on state holidays, and when victory is obtained over the enemies of the nation.

The *Curiosities of the Tower* are numerous, and consist of the Royal Train of Artillery; Horse Armory; Small Armory; Spanish Armory; Jewel Office; Mint; Lions, and other wild Beasts. The whole may be seen for *three shillings*.

COMMERCE.

According to the estimate of a judicious calculator, the imports and exports of the port of London amount to upwards of *seventy millions* a year; including the value of the hull, tackle, and stores of the shipping.

Of this the trade of the East-India Company is estimated at six millions and a half; and that of the West-India trade, to the enormous sum of seven millions annually.

The domestic wholesale business of the metropolis is calculated to amount to fifty millions a year; and the retail trade is altogether incalculable, being carried on in more than twenty thousand shops and warehouses.

The principal manufactures of London consist of Jewelry, Gold and Silver, Japan ware, Porter breweries, manufactories of sugar, soap, sails, cordage, and a variety of other articles.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE STAGE.

The loud demand from year to year the same,
Cripples Invention and makes Fancy lame;
While *Farce* itself, most *mournfully jejune*,
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune;
And authors hear one universal cry ---
Tickle and entertain us, or we die!

Of all the amusements invented by the ingenuity of man, a theatric representation of human manners and passions is the most interesting and instructive. When the energy of sentiment, and the pathos of the noblest feelings of our nature, are combined with the dignified action of the tragic muse, we sympathize with suffering virtue, and we are warned against the practice of vice, which is productive of the most calamitous events.

The mirthful sallies of Thalia are still more pleasing; by holding, "*as it were, the mirror up to nature,*" she satirises our follies in so agreeable a manner, that in the disguise of mirth we embrace wisdom.

TRAGEDY may be termed the sublime, and COMEDY the beautiful, of the drama. The former rouses the passions by an irresistible appeal to the heart; the latter, by exhibiting a lively portrait of whatever is ridiculous or censurable in public manners, at once corrects the foible and enforces propriety of conduct.

Theatric exhibitions present so many gratifications to the mind, that they will ever be favourites with a polished people. The eye is delighted with a variety of graceful forms, decorated in characteristic dresses, and displaying the affecting gestures of passion, or the more pleasing agility and grace of motion in the sprightly dance; the ear is charmed with the harmony of vocal and instrumental music; the magic influence of sympathy pervades the mind in unison with the dignified woe of the tragic muse, or the animating sallies of Thalia provoke irresistible mirth. To these charms may be superadded the interesting variety of graceful forms and animated countenances of the audience, while appropriate scenery and the splendour of taper-lights give the whole an air of gaiety and pleasure.

With all these attractions, however, it is questionable whether the stage has not contributed to immorality. Under proper regulations it would, as the poet has described it, be a powerful monitor,

> "To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
> To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
> To make mankind, in *conscious* virtue bold,
> Live o'er each scene, and *be* what they behold."

The earliest account we have of the English drama is recorded by Haywood, who informs us, that in the reign of Henry II. the *Mysteries*, a kind of representation of the miracles and select passages from the Scriptures, were exhibited by the monks in London. This theatric representation was succeeded by the *Moralities*, in which the virtues and vices were personified.

Interludes were first written and performed in the reign of Henry VIII.; and soon afterwards dramatic compositions, under the denomination of Tragedies and Comedies, were represented and published.

During the short reign of the superstitious and cruel Mary, taste was repressed by bigotry, and theatrical amusements suspended. On the accession of Elizabeth, however, the elegant entertainments of the stage were revived and cherished with renovated vigour. The Tragic Muse now visited Albion, and inspired her favourite Shakespeare, whose just delineation of characters and manners, and affecting expression of the passions, have never been equalled.

> "Each form of many-co'oured life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
> Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
> And panting Time toil'd after him in vain."
>
> Dr. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson, the contemporary of Shakespeare, also contributed to the improvement of the English drama.—His comedy of *Every Man in his Humour* has often been revived; and several of his pieces, notwithstanding obsolete phrases and the quaintness of the language, abound with lively characteristics of human nature, and spirited satire against vice and folly.

Since that period our drama has been gradually refined. The pathetic Otway and the elegant Rowe have been favoured with the inspirations of Melpomene; while Thalia bestowed her mirth-inspiring smiles on Cibber, Vanburgh, Farquhar, Congreve and Steele.

Our comic writers, however, were rather the abettors of licentiousness than the correctors of folly; insomuch that a French author ascribes the depravity of public manners in this capital to the pernicious influence of our comedies.

Sentimental comedy deserves an exemption from this charge. Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, and several dramatic pieces of a similar nature, have contributed to polish and improve society; and our modern comedies, though feeble and uninteresting, are more consistent with decorum, than the lively productions of our early comic writers.

The *West Indian*, the *School for Scandal*, and a few good comedies, have rescued this age from the condemnation of stupidity; but, with the exception of a few dramatic pieces, the puerile and vulgar productions of the present race of dramatists, together with the *ghostly* abortions of M. G. Lewis's *monstrous* muse, are too contemptible even to deserve the chastisement of satire.

Our modern comedies are, in general, flippant and uninteresting, abounding with a repetition of cant phrases, puns, and pert dialogue.

Pantomimic gesticulation and outrageous rant, intermingled with impious execrations, constitute the very spirit of modern tragedy: such is *Pizarro*. Indeed the radical defect of the modern drama is the insignificance of the subject chosen by the writer.

A candid enquiry will convince us that our most popular plays have a pernicious effect on the mind. Shakespeare's best tragedies, Othello, Hamlet, and Richard the Third, contain several indecent passages and allusions, at once *puerile* and *obscene*.

Those dictates of lewd wit were written to gratify the infant taste of the English nation; but now, when it has confessedly attained maturity, let us reject such passages, which have a much greater affinity to dulness, than the idolizers of the Avonian bard would admit.

Whatever benefit may be received at the theatres, by the auditory in general, certain it is that the youthful part of the fair sex undergo a severe ordeal. When we behold beautiful young ladies at church, adorned with the elegant robe of modesty, and afterwards view the same lovely beings in the boxes at the playhouse, sitting half naked, as if in imitation of women of the town, we can scarcely believe our eyes, or reconcile to reason such a glaring inconsistency, such a preposterous violation of decorum. What! are the amiable daughters of Britain to exhibit themselves to the intrusive gaze of the world?—forbid it propriety, decency, and virtue.

Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.—This elegant place of public amusement contains four tiers of boxes, a spacious pit, and two galleries. The prices of admission are, Boxes 6*s*; Pit 3*s*. 6*d*; first gallery 2*s*. and second gallery 1*s*.

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, is elegant, though not so magnificent or extensive as that of Drury-Lane. The price of admission is the same.

Theatre Royal, Haymarket.—This is the principal summer theatre, besides which, there are, Sadlers Wells; the Amphitheatre of Arts; the New Royal

Circus; Vauxhall Gardens; and Ranelagh; together with at least *twenty Tea* Gardens in the vicinity of London.

As for the ridiculous amusements of *The Phantasmagoria*, *The Invisible Girl*, and the exhibition of overgrown Oxen and Swine, they are too contemptible to be classed with any thing connected with rational recreation.

Italian Opera.—Almost every class of society participates the amusements of the theatres and public gardens; but the Italian Opera is almost exclusively appropriated by the nobility. It would be a happy circumstance, indeed, for the rest of the community, did persons of quality engross all other frivolous and expensive amusements; such as routs, masquerades, and private theatricals, which, by a most absurd passion for imitation, several of our merchants and tradesmen's wives and children have pursued with frantic eagerness.

The sum of two hundred guineas is annually subscribed by several of the nobility for a box at the Opera-house, where they are contented to assemble and enjoy sweet sounds. Indeed, from the ardour with which they patronize this exotic species of amusement, we might imagine that they were bitten by the *Tarantula*, and obliged to resort to music as a remedy. But the truth is, more dangerous diseases prevent their repose! ——— Remorse for time and treasure misspent, the spleen of luxury, and the imbecillity of indolence, require the anodyne of music.

HACKNEY COACH FARES.

Distance not exceeding one mile, 1*s.*; one mile and a half, 1*s.* 6*d.*; and so on, adding the additional sum of *sixpence* for every farther distance, not exceeding half-a-mile. N. B. Coaches kept in waiting any time within 40 minutes, 1*s*; and 6*d.* for every 20 minutes afterwards. The number of hackney coaches in London are *eleven hundred.*

RATES OF WATERMEN, 1804.

Over the Thames directly, to the opposite shore, between Greenwich and Windsor, with a sculler, 2*d.*; or *one penny* for each person, if more than one. The fare for a wherry with oars is double that of a sculler. N. B. No more than six persons are to be taken into a wherry, as one fare.

RATES OF CHAIRMEN.

For any distance not exceeding one mile, 1*s.* one mile and a half, 1*s.* 6*d*; and every half mile afterwards 6*d.*—*Time*: for the first hour, 1*s.* 6*d*; for every hour afterwards, 6*d.*

PORTERAGE OF PARCELS FROM INNS.

A parcel, not exceeding 56*lb.* to any distance not exceeding a quarter of a mile, 3*d.*; half a mile, 4*d.*; one mile, 6*d.*; and so on in proportion.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NATIVES OF LONDON.

With respect to those tradesmen, artists, and mechanics who inhabit the city, they are in general a self-opinionated people. Accustomed to behold the magnificence of the public buildings, and the abundance of merchandise which fills the shops and warehouses, they, by an absurd association of ideas, consider themselves connected with this grandeur and opulence, and hold every foreigner in contempt.

Their pride, however, seldom originates in a consciousness of personal merit; in that respect it must be acknowledged they are unassuming. They form a much more judicious estimate of the value of things; and are proud of their riches, the opulence of their relatives, comparatively brisk trade, and other accidental circumstances. Their knowledge is very limited, insomuch that they would prefer a good dinner, or even a pot of porter and a clean pipe, to the circle of the sciences.

The intellectual attainments of the citizens in general are either premature or very limited. A boy in London too soon becomes acquainted with amusements, popular opinions, and that general, but superficial knowledge of the world, which is a kind of twilight of intellect. Self-love is productive of pride; the stripling is a man in idea, while he is only a boy in stature. He imagines he has attained the pinnacle of knowledge, and there he stops. Hence his intellectual progress is arrested by vanity, and he attains the age of maturity, but remains an infant in real knowledge.

It must be confessed, however, that the shopkeep-

ers of the metropolis are distinguished by an air o gentility, and are remarkably clean in their person and dress, as far as their business will permit.

In consequence of their too general neglect of learning, many citizens remain in a state of ignorance, which, notwithstanding their expertness in trade, renders them liable to be duped by quack doctors and impostors of every description. Indeed, their self-love is highly gratified by these gentlemen-like foreigners, who come smiling and bowing to impose upon their credulity. They imagine that these strangers are drawn hither by the fame of the capital, and come to admire its inhabitants.

Their mental attainments are generally confined to a knowledge of trade, and a calculation of money; and they really consider themselves as the greatest people in the world. A citizen of London! enviable pre-eminence! This alone confers an imaginary dignity on every rank of citizens, from the sooty sweep-chimney to the gambling stock-jobber.

NATIVES OF ENGLAND, WHO COME FROM DIFFERENT PROVINCES TO RESIDE IN LONDON.

These form a very considerable part of this great community; they are in general healthy, active, industrious men, whose assistance in the more laborious avocations is highly conducive to the ease and comfort of the citizens.

A great number of them are shopkeepers, whose probity requires no eulogium. Mechanics form

another division, and almost the whole weight of the drudgery of London rests on stout young men from the country, who are allured to town by the expectation of higher wages than the farmers can afford to give. These adventurers find ample scope for the exercise of their corporeal and mental powers in the metropolis, into which they incessantly flow like streams into a reservoir.

They are distinguishable by the peculiarity of their provincial dialect, so different from the language of the cockney; while their florid countenances, and muscular forms, sufficiently evince that they are not natives of a city.

That *good sense* which has ever been the characteristic of the English nation, is the most conspicuous trait of these honest men, whose activity contributes so much to the prosperity of London. A firmness which sometimes borders on obstinacy marks the unsophisticated countryman, who is more sincere, though less polished, than the luxurious citizen.

Goldsmith has distinctly characterised this description of Englishmen in the following lines:—

——A thoughtful band,
" By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand!
" Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
" True to imagin'd right—above controul.
" While e'en the peasant boasts those rights to scan,
" And learns to venerate himself as man."

WELCHMEN.

Most of the Welch residents in London have im-

perceptibly adopted the manners of their English neighbours, yet their characteristic sincerity is still perceptible to the reflecting observer.

Honest in their dealings, proud of their ancestry, and inflated with an imaginary superiority which they feel as Ancient Britons, they are too apt to have a contemptuous opinion of the rest of mankind; but they are generally distinguished by that simple dignity of conduct which is ever the companion of integrity.

SCOTCHMEN.

The principal motive of a North Briton's visit to London is a desire to profit by his industry and learning. Frugal, temperate, and religious, his natural sagacity is preserved amid the enervating allurements of the town; hence he pursues his avocations with steadiness, and appropriates the fruits of his industry with the strictest economy. His success is facilitated by that national partiality for which Scotchmen are remarkable.

With respect to their merit as authors. Scotchmen have often distinguished themselves as historians, critics, moralists, divines, and physicians.

The natives of Scotland now resident in this metropolis may be divided into four classes:—nobility and gentry; merchants and tradesmen; literary adventurers; and labourers: all of whom we shall describe indiscriminately under the general heads.

The Scotch nation has for many ages been remarkable for a steady adherence to Christianity. Their writers have indeed rather represented truth with the solemn air of a recluse, than the more animated de-

meanour of a smiling grace, but the people have, nevertheless, proved their attachment to her dictates, even to martyrdom!

IRISHMEN.

No people of any nation now resident in London present such a curious diversity of character as the Irish.

We shall first classify and delineate those Irishmen most remarkable for their foibles, and conclude with the most estimable.

Among the other qualifications of young Irishmen who migrate to this city their eloquence is the most remarkable. From their constitutional vivacity they are generally possessed of such a superabundance of animal spirits, that their loquacity is astonishing. In almost every tavern or coffee-house you may meet with one or more of these orators, whose wit and fluency are exerted for the amusement of the company.

Whatever be the topic—philosophy, politics, or the news of the day—the Irish orator speaks with impressive energy; and this communicative disposition is, doubtless, sometimes pleasing and sometimes tiresome to his auditory.

Our most sensible poet observes, that

> "Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
> Much fruit of sense beneath, is rarely found."

This is applicable to the Irish orator; but the true cause of his volubility, is the sprightliness of his imagination. This is also the reason why lively

Irishmen so often commit blunders, as they generally speak without much reflection or arrangement of ideas. Were we to account physically for this *flux of sounds*, it might be asserted that it is necessary both for the health of the individual and the peace of society, that a volatile Irishman should be privileged to talk as much as he thinks proper—whether sense, nonsense, or as is too often the case, an intermixture of both. For it is probable that those vivid animal spirits, which when volatilised fly off from the tip of the tongue, would be taking another course, agitate the limbs, and discharge themselves in kicks and cuffs, to the great annoyance of the community? This hypothesis deserves the attention of the faculty; and if duly investigated by a Scotch or German medical writer, might form a valuable treatise of four or five hundred pages in quarto!

The foible of the Irish nobility and gentry resident in London is a passion for luxurious pleasures; and the virtues which they possess in an eminent degree are candour and generosity. These amiable traits of mind are indeed conspicuous among every class of the Irish nation; even their enemies confess the truth of the assertion. But undoubtedly their candour too often degenerates into insolence, and their generosity becomes profusion. Could they pursue the golden mean equally remote from extremes, they possess the social qualities of the heart, which conduce, in an eminent degree, to the happiness of society.

GENERAL COMPARISON OF THE ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH NOW RESIDENT IN LONDON.

" Though black and white, blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways; are there no black and white?"

POPE.

It is amusing to develope the distinguishing traits of the natives of these three kingdoms, now united in one mighty empire.

The *love* of the Englishman, though often intense, is commonly influenced by some secondary consideration; such as riches, or the benefit of a respectable connection. The North Briton loves a *bonny lassie* dearly, and his affection is not diminished by wealth: whilst the Hibernian, though often reproached as a fortune-hunter, generally loves his mistress for her beauty and accomplishments.

The *friendship* of the Englishman is cordial and consistent; the Scotchman is also a sincere friend: but the friendship of the Irishman, though more fervid, is like the blaze of a taper, too often liable to be extinguished by the first gust of his anger.

In *religion* the Englishman is as sytematic as in the regulation of his business; the Scotchman is still more strict in performing the duties of his faith; and the Irishman, who loves God and his neighbour as well as either, is but seldom solicitous to appear religious.

In *literature* as in commerce, the Englishman has a large capital, which he improves to the greatest advantage. The Scotchman, who derives part of his intellectual wealth from others as it were by inheritance, applies the rich bequest of Homer, Virgil,

and other illustrious ancients, to his own use with propriety; but he rather lives on the interest than increases the stock. On the contrary, the Irishman inherits but little from the ancients. His literary wealth consists in the rich, but unrefined ore of his own genius, with which he adventures to almost every part of the globe, and is often unsuccessful, though sometime his bullion is coined into current money.

For solid learning, sound philosophy, and the happiest flights of the epic and the dramatic muse, the English are superior to any other nation. The Scotch literati, with less claim to originality, successfully pursue the useful study of divinity, history, and criticism; while the Irish, without either the extensive knowledge of the former, or the discriminating sagacity of the latter, excel in genuine wit, ironical humour, and that pathos of sensibility which melts the heart. In support of this assertion, England has produced a Newton, a Milton, and a Shakespeare; Scotland can boast of a Blair, a Robertson, and a Beattie; and Ireland, as a proof of the justice of her pretensions, can bring forward a Swift, a Goldsmith, and a Sterne.

With respect to *pride*, the Englishman glories in the superiority of his country in wealth, trade, and civilization; and his opinion is confirmed by the appearance of merchants from all nations in London. The ambition of the North Briton is cherished by his learning and the antiquity of his family; and the pride of the Irishman is generally confined to his own endowments, the beauty of his mistress or wife, or the accomplishments of his friend.

Both the Scotch and Irish residents in London seem

pretty unanimous in their preference of the productions of their respective countries to those of England. From their eulogiums it should appear, that the oatcakes of the former were, like the heavenly manna, delicious to every palate; and the potatoes of the latter, at least equal in flavour to pine-apples!

GERMANS.

One great error seems to influence the Germans resident in this capital;—a propensity to cavil at our manners, customs, and laws, which, doubtless, are much superior to their own.—They declaim against Locke, and prefer the inconclusive reasonings of professor Kant to the aggregate wisdom of all our ethical writers. Indeed, though the well-bred Germans are remarkable for a pleasing frankness, which forms a medium between the distant manners of the English, and the intrusive flippancy of the French; yet their minds are too generally tinctured with a puerile arrogance, claiming a pre-eminence in science, which exists only in their own imagination.

Quack doctors compose a class of Germans, who migrate hither for a livelihood. The most notorious of those were the late Dr. Brodum, and Surgeon B—, or more properly *Bray!* The benevolence of these excellent men could not fail to receive its due reward among a people who know so well how to appreciate merit; especially when it is considered that their infallible nostrums, when administered, seldom failed to place the patient *beyond the power of disease.*

JEWS.

A very distinct class of the inhabitants of London consists of Jews. It is computed that they amount to twenty thousand; and though a few of them are respectable characters, the majority are notorious sharpers. Their adherence to the Mosaic law prevents them from mixing with the rest of their fellow-citizens; hence they absolutely subsist on the industry of others, and become a nuisance. The Jewish dealers in wearing apparel, gold, and silver, purchase these articles at an undervalue without scruple; they are the principal receivers of stolen goods, and the itinerant Jew-boys circulate base money in every direction.

NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

"True Merit is personal."

FROM their freedom of intercourse, contiguity of residence, and frequent intermarriages, our nobility and gentry may be considered as one great body. The constitution has, indeed, distinguished them into separate classes, by conferring on the former the honour of being legislators by hereditary succession, while the latter are appointed by election. But, in a moral light, their virtues and vices, manners and amusements, are the same, with a few slight shades of difference.

When our country gentlemen first visit London, they undergo a complete metamorphosis. The transition from the cool breezes that ventilate their rural retreats to the warm atmosphere of the metropolis, affects those rustics with a malady which may be termed a *brain fever*; under its influence they become delirious, and madly rush into the vortex of fashionable dissipation. The facility with which the *squire* adopts the modish dress, phraseology, effeminacy, and vices of the town-bred rake, is almost incredible. On his arrival, the novelty of the scene, and the vast extent, population, and magnificence of the city, fill him with astonishment. Ashamed of his vulgarity of manners and dialect, he is silent and reserved, till an introduction to a few polite *men of the world* teaches him to overcome his uncouth bashfulness. Once initiated in modish follies, he boldly divests himself of decency; fre-

quents taverns and stews; stares at passing females in the streets; and, in consequence of his vigorous constitution, becomes a more vociferous and outrageous *blood* than the feeble cit, who had been practising from his infancy.

Boldly independent in principle, he proves, by his actions, that pleasure is his idol, and the shafts of his ridicule, forged by obscenity on the anvil of dulness, are directed against that religion which his ancestors held in due veneration.

It must be confessed, that the fine arts owe their present perfection to the munificence of our nobility and gentry; and the theatres may be said to exist in consequence of the annual visits of the gay and the opulent to London. Besides what a multitude of perfumers, hair dressers, and other creatures of fashion, would be destitute, if deprived of the patronage of the great? Nay, do not the taverns, gaming-houses, and bagnios, owe their chief support to the profusion of young men of fashion?

One characteristic which denotes the accomplished modern fine gentleman is, his skill in the arts of seduction. To allure a thoughtless girl by presents and professions of love, and afterwards relinquish her to infamy, is such an heroic achievement, that the man of gallantry is prouder of his conquest over the credulity of a maiden, '*and the rich plunder of a taken heart*,' than a hero would be of the wreath of victory. The moralist may censure the conduct of the seducer as infamous, not considering that fashion can make vice appear amiable.

There are indeed many illustrious exceptions to this general depravity among the higher classes; and if our nobility and gentry would seriously re-

flect on their influence in society, they would discover, that an imitation of their follies and vices has pervaded every subordinate class of the community. Divines may preach, and moralists write, in vain, if the affluent practice and encourage vice. But the dissolute exclaim, "Can the example of a few individuals reclaim the world!—must we forego our pleasures to promote public happiness? Let the parsons inculcate morality, they are paid for it: but we will live, while we live!" Such are the suggestions of selfish dissipation. But were persons of distinction to return to the luminous orbit of virtue, whence, like *wandering stars*, they are making continual aberrations—were they to shine like a benign constellation, they would at once beautify and harmonise society.

MERCHANTS.

Heav'n speed the canvass gallantly unfurl'd,
To furnish and accommodate a world!
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit th' unsocial climates into one.

COWPER.

THIS numerous and respectable class of the community forms the most wealthy and respectable commercial body in the world: indeed the merchants of London have ever been celebrated for their integrity.

They have long been justly considered as essential to our political existence. To their enterprise we are indebted for the delicacies of every clime; consequently they are instrumental to the comfort of society, though they have contributed to the effeminacy of the age, by the importation of exotic luxuries.

As public characters, the punctuality and credit of our merchants have long been established; and when any national exigence requires a contribution, the generosity of the mercantile body excels even that of the nobility.

In private life they generally are amiable characters. But, however estimable when detached from business, they seem to consider many evils connected with commerce as necessary consequences, and therefore venal. When Commerce, that empress of luxury and dissipation, pours her treasures into a city, the people become selfish; and while Trade liberally rewards her votaries, she laughs at the scruples of conscience. What was once stigma-

tised with the name of *extortion*, is now softened into *speculation*. Speculation is a sonorous word, applied with great success both in trade and philosophy; but its true meaning, in plain English, is IMPOSITION. The speculating merchant looks forward, and perceives that there will probably be a scarcity of an article of commerce: he hastens to purchase: the event justifies his expectation, and he sells his merchandize for perhaps double the price it cost.

But this is a very moderate monopoly. Let us for a moment turn our eyes Eastward, and we shall behold an inoffensive people deprived of their possessions by men whom they never injured, and who live in affluence and luxury on the spoils of the widow and the fatherless. What says Commerce? —they are *all honourable men*.

Are her operations in the West more benign?—Ah, no! There myriads of our fellow creatures, who have been purchased at the "*man-degrading mart*," are compelled to earn the bitter bread of slavery!—Every feeling of agonised humanity is violated by the capricious cruelty and avarice of their merciless oppressors; and the soil which is productive of various luxuries, is besprinkled with human sweat and blood! Yet, this is justifiable in the eyes of commerce.

The spirit of enterprize in this vast city is astonishing. Cornfactors monopolise our grain; and even dairy-men prevent the waste of milk and butter, by enhancing the price of these necessaries!

Many slight deviations from rectitude are overlooked in civilized society. Perhaps the most pernicious evil which accompanies wealth is, the idea that every thing is purchaseable; that the integrity

and talents of men, and the chastity of women, may be sacrificed on the altars of Mammon; nay, that love and even friendship are venal. This assertion, though plausible, and in too many instances applicable, is not true; and it were much to be wished, for the honour of human nature, that its fallacy should be exposed by every lover of social happiness.

Those moralists who contend that mankind are happier in a state of agricultural and pastoral simplicity than in communities where commerce prevails, seem to have forgotten that "*strength of mind is exercise, not rest;*" and that we enjoy a thousand conveniencies and elegancies unknown to the untutored agriculturists of Otaheite, or even the Western isles of Scotland.

The merchant, indeed, whose whole life is spent in the bustle of trade, has but little time for reflection; and however censurable his traffic may appear, perhaps his business came into his hands by hereditary succession, and consequently habit has reconciled him even to the slave-trade. But, had he time to moralize, his conscious heart would tell him, that to communicate happiness to the bosom of oppressed humanity, would be of more value than the freight of his homeward-bound ships; he would awake from his golden dreams of imaginary felicity, and burst those chains so long rivetted on the limbs of men by hard-hearted Avarice.

Still, however, it will be found, that the cavils of mankind against the business of the merchant originate rather in envy at his prosperity, than from a desire to promote virtue. When the wisdom of our legislature shall abolish the traffic to Africa for

slaves, and when monopoly shall be prevented by restrictive laws, the merchants of this city will then manifest their superiority over those of every other nation, and contribute very essentially to the general happiness of the community.

The merchants and tradesmen of London are the most opulent and respectable in the world. Many of them, who have received a liberal education, and travelled to form commercial connections, are intelligent and enterprising; but the majority are rather confined in their ideas, and consider the art of accumulating wealth as the greatest human excellence.

In consequence of their frequent intermarriages with the nobility, the merchants of London are not only more refined, but more luxurious than their ancestors. Many of them are possessed of elegant villas in the circumjacent counties, to which they occasionally retire from the bustle of business; but the love of rural scenes, which is so natural to man, seldom predominates in the mind of the merchant, till he has realized an immense fortune. Indeed, the love of gain has become so habitual to several citizens, that they pursue that species of gambling called stock-jobbing, long after they have resigned the more arduous toils of commerce. The darling pursuit of the merchant is wealth, and he cheerfully devotes the whole energies of his mind to the attainment of that object.

The amusements of opulent citizens are similar to those of the nobility, whose fashions and follies the city dames and belles are emulous to imitate. They tread in the path defined by the arbitresses of the mode; and their expensive and crowded routs prove their strong propensity to pleasurable extravagance.

Another trait of their increasing passion for dissipation, is the eagerness with which the wives and daughters of merchants annually visit the watering-places. There, freed from the restraints of domestic propriety, they boldly launch into the stream of *high life*; where, steered by Passion, they are often shipwrecked on the shoals of levity, or ingulphed by the quick-sands of vice.

The principle foible of the more respectable order of citizens is self-importance, assumed from a consciousness of the possession of riches. Their most shining qualities are probity and benevolence.

A great proportion of the opulent tradesmen of London, not having country seats, and their amusements being limited by the locality of their sphere of action, they naturally turn their attention to the enjoyment of domestic comfort. In this respect they are undoubtedly happier than any other mercantile people upon the globe. Indeed, the elegance and convenience of their houses and furniture, the excellence of their food, and their cleanliness of person and dress, are unparalleled.

FASHIONABLE MANNERS.

Increase of pow'r begets increase of wealth:
Wealth, luxury; and luxury, excess:
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.

COWPER.

PLATO, speaking of immorality, observes, that the moral intemperature of cities, and the corruption of manners, originate in the bad example of others to youth; and when we reflect upon the powerful influence of *the great*, as they are termed, we must be convinced that the public mind will ever be strongly biassed by their conduct.

The dissipation which not only prevails in the fashionable world, but has spread through all ranks, is the creature of female extravagance; yes, many of our ladies of rank are at once the arbitresses of fashion, and the disseminators of folly, profusion, and licentiousness!

An emulation to outvie each other inspires the great and the gay. Private theatres resound with the affecting sonnets of wanton love. By an imitation of the unblushing matrons of fashion, the blooming virgin soon assumes a sufficient degree of confidence to participitate their orgies: it is so vulgar to be reserved, or to have the smallest respect for modesty or religion! And O, how charming and spirited to whirl through the convolutions of a reel, as recommended by the *dancing duchess!* how noble to excel in eques-

trian exercises, like Lady L——, our modern Diana!—and how decorous and characteristic of maiden reserve to make the vaulted roofs of pleasure resound with the ear-piercing music of the cymbal, so often practised and recommended by the modest Mrs. B——!

A polite writer observes, that "the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praise-worthy, according as her carriage affects the house of her father or her husband. All she has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother:—all these may be performed, though a lady should not be the very first woman at an opera or an assembly." These precepts, however, just, are inimical to the pursuits and sentiments of our modern females. The woman of fashion thinks it more spirited to overleap the boundaries of morality; she boldly participates in the varied amusements of the gaming-table, the masquerade, and all the gratifications of sense. What signifies the loss of character, health, and beauty?—"*Fame, wealth, and honour, what are you to pleasure!*" Nobly independent in principle, with passions stimulated by luxury, the illustrious fair-one emulates the voluptuousness of the most luxurious dames of antiquity.

It must be very mortifying, however, for persons of quality to see themselves outdone by the *upper* of society. For instance, a certain lady, long celebrated for her introduction of reels into the circle of fashion, and who has successfully endeavoured to render the heads of young ladies *giddy*, finds that, after all her laudable exertions, she is excelled in

agility and grace by an opera dancer!—"*Ill weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk?*" It must be pitiable to reflect, that this desire of the great, to excel in frivolous accomplishments, has been but too often unsuccessful. That *polished* and *humane* Roman emperor, Nero, entered into a competition with buffoons and fidlers; but he was obliged to relinquish the pursuit, from a consciousness of his inferiority of talents: and probably, our young ladies, who now practise wanton dances and lessons on tambourines and cymbals, will eventually leave the cultivation of those polite arts to actresses.

But while private theatres and fêtes are sanctioned by the presence of the most dignified characters, it is vain to hope for a reformation of fashionable manners. This absurd indulgence of vanity seems to authorize and enforce the necessity of young ladies being educated like actresses; nay, at the *fete* of a person of quality, a number of our young nobility of both sexes actually performed a farce for the entertainment of the company!

Among other proofs of self-importance, the confident air with which *high-bred ladies* contemplate the other sex in their morning rambles, is a sufficient indication of their modesty. This apparent superiority of demeanour may be the companion of purity of heart, but few men would wish to see their wives and daughters sauntering in the public walks, half dressed, and gazing at every man that passed. The observant eye can easily discern affectation in their deportment, and the studied adjustment of their light flowing robes. These capricious fair ones are so vain that their eyes claim the homage of every man they meet, and they seem dissatisfied if we pass

them without gratifying their self-love by apparent admiration.

Many of our *grey-haired matrons* are decorated with such a profusion of ornaments, that they attract the eye; as the foliage of the trees in Autumn exhibit a more gaudy variety of tints than even the fresh beauties of Spring.

But it is at the theatres that the modish fair display their charms to most advantage; there they imbibe refined sentiments, and sympathise with such virtuous characters as the adulteresses and blustering heroes of Kotzebue, to the melioration of their morals! Indeed, the principal advantage to be derived from modern dramas is that soothing relaxation they afford to the mind. When the *fine lady* returns home fatigued after a succession of important morning visits, and the exhaustion of her vivid spirits, in the useful employment of tumbling over a multitude of silks, laces, and muslins, the selection of china, or cheapening of perfumery, how gratifying must be the amusement of the theatre! There the unwelcome visitor, Reflection, will not intrude; but, surrounded by admirers, the fair idol may indulge her fancy in reveries of vanity. The concatenation of her *sublime ideas* will seldom be broken, either by the witticisms of her attendant beaux, or the drivellings of licentiousness and dulness, so often *said* or *sung* on the stage.

If our ladies prefer the fête or the masquerade, gaiety attends their steps; and the power of gold throws open every door on their approach. At these amusements they pass the hours in a feverish medium between pleasure and pain, and return home in splendid vehicles, fatigued and unhappy.—Delirious dreams fill up the measure of their va-

nity; and every successive day presents an insipid round of similar gratifications. Is this frantic misapplication of health, fortune, and time, agreeable to the dictates of reason, or the feelings of a conscious heart? No: but who can summon fortitude enough to break the magic chain of fashion, or endure the frantic revilings of a dissipated throng, involved in the labyrinth of extravagance.

It must be mortifying to our modern arbitresses of taste to reflect, that they have not even the merit of originality in their amusements, as every species of excess in dress and intrigue have been formerly practised by Cleopatra, and other celebrated nymphs of antiquity. There remains only one unexplored path, by which our ladies may arrive at a degree of refinement which will surpass the elegance of former ages. Listen, ye lovely directors of our amusements—listen to the voice of prudence; let your dress, deportment, and conversation, be regulated by the secret dictates of your natural delicacy, and no longer sacrifice your noblest feelings to the slavish foppery of fashion; or rather, by your example, render it fashionable to be virtuous. Recal your misguided countrywomen to the path of decorum, from which so many of them have widely strayed:—now, alas! you wander like benighted travellers amid the quagmires of pleasure, allured by the *ignis fatuus* of dissipation, and the next step may overwhelm you in the bottomless pit of infamy:—expend the treasure which you now lavish on fêtes and other amusements, in the institution of public seminaries for the children of the indigent, and asylums for the protection of female innocence.

If we wish to contemplate the insipidity of fashionable life, let us visit the squares and streets inhabited by the nobility and gentry. There their coaches and lacqueys attend before their doors every morning with all the ostentation of *pride*. Footmen strut, proud of the badges of their servitude, like the bird with borrowed feathers. The clown, who was usefully employed at the plough or cart in the country, is here metamorphosed into a beau, and attends the steps of his lady with an air of self-conceit. Perhaps a few traces of his former rustic bashfulness remain, but he will soon learn to suppress his feelings, and glory in his progress to depravity.

The mansions of the nobility may, indeed, be called the empire of affectation. Here the waiting-maid imitates the ridiculous airs of her lady; and the valet assumes the insolent authority of his master over the menial gradations of servility below him. Throughout these receptacles of pride, no hospitable door is opened to admit the necessitous stranger, no accommodations for the weary sojourner, no shelter for the houseless wretch; all is formality and forbidding grandeur, while the social passions languish here in lethargic torpor.

Let us now take a cursory view of what is called a liberal education, such as is generally bestowed on a youth born to the inheritance of titles and a large estate. From his earliest years our young nobleman's wants are administered to with servile attention; he is not permitted to learn "*one earthly thing of use*:" for how is it possible that my Lord can ever be under the necessity of exerting his faculties? The years of infancy elapsed, he is commit-

ted to the care of a tutor, who too often studies his disposition with a view to his own future emolument, rather than the improvement of his pupil. Hence the youth grows up with a mind confused by an imperfect attainment of the learned languages, and his person is improved by practising the gymnastic arts usually taught in our public seminaries.

The natural transition from school is to college, where, by the magic influence of gold, even the wrinkled brow of philosophy is smoothed to complacency, and learning greets him with smiles. Here the noble youth lives perfectly at his ease:—some needy and ingenious young student will gladly supply him with themes for a few pieces; and while he receives the praise of ingenuity without exertion, he passes the pleasurable and inglorious hours in dalliance with some frail fair-one, or at the tavern or gaming table.

His studies being finished with ease and credit, through the connivance of sage professors, our accomplished scholar sets out on his tour. After driving with *Jehu-like* career, over the most beautiful countries of Europe, he returns inflated with self-importance, the natural effects of travel misapplied.

Our Phaeton now ascends the chariot of his ancestors with a determination to illumine the fashionable world. Emulous to excel his youthful competitors in extravagance, his dress, conversation, and demeanour, are under the influence of affectation. The ladies give his mind the finishing polish of polite education, by initiating him in all the modish follies of the day. These fair instructors teach their lively pupil to deride religion as the old fashioned superstition of our

fusty ancestors. He eagerly imbibes their sublime principles, learns their peculiar phrases, and, as a reward, is received by the complacent smiles of beauty in every fashionable circle.

He now keeps a mistress, and becomes a regular man of fashion; or, in other words, he lives not in conformity to the dictates of reason, but under the capricious influence of every change in *dress*, *taste*, or *principles*, however egregious, if sanctioned by the ladies.

During winter he riots in every species of indulgence which the metropolis can afford, and passes the summer at some fashionable watering-place.

It may be asserted by the moralist, that this mode of life is at once abominable in itself, and pernicious to society; and that it would be more patriotic in men of fortune to reside on their estates, and encourage agriculture and manufactures among their tenantry. But though building and peopling towns, and encouraging the arts were considered as god-like achievements by the ancients, our modern nobility in general are actuated by very different ideas. The turf, the gaming-table, and the brothel, occupy the attention and drain the coffers of those who prefer present enjoyments, however grovelling, to the reversionary glories of fame, or even the prospect of eternal happiness.

But, perhaps, this apparent degeneracy of so many of our nobility and gentry, originates in nobler motives than mere self-gratification. Wisely reflecting, that if they circulated their money among their tenants, the consequences might be injurious to agriculture, as farmers might grow too rich and neglect their business, our patriotic landholders

draw the superfluous cash from the country to promote the prosperity of the metropolis. Thus they preserve the agricultural body in health and activity, as the sanity of the animal frame is promoted by insensible perspiration.

Were persons of quality unanimous in promoting virtue and decency, we might soon hope to see a favourable change in the manners of the people. But where are those magnanimous individuals, who will, with a noble fortitude and self-denial, begin the work of public reformation by their example? Where is that gigantic mind, that, rising superior to the derision of fashionable vanity, and contemning the childish vagaries of a disordered imagination, wisely prefers the approbation of the DEITY, and "*the sunshine of the breast*," to the fantastic joys of effeminacy and profligacy? Let such truly great minds shine on the world of fashion like light rising out of chaos, and by their brightness expose the deformity of vice and the misery of dissipation.

DRESS.

Her women insolent and self-caress'd,
By vanity's unwearied finger dress'd;
Forgot the blush that virgin fears impart
To modest cheeks, and borrow'd one from art;
Were just such trifles, without worth or use,
As silly pride and idleness produce;
Curl'd, scented, furbelow'd, and flounc'd around,
With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
They stretch'd the neck, and roll'd the wanton eye,
And sigh'd for every fool that flutter'd by.

COWPER.

SUCH were the ladies of Jerusalem, as described by a sublime poet: but can their levity, by a parity of circumstances, be applied to our more beautiful and perhaps more luxurious countrywomen?

In many respects the similarity is striking; but we might as well think to describe the various convolutions and grotesque developements of a cloud driven by the wind, as to give an accurate description of the various forms assumed by fashion. Every gradation of hue has been successively exhibited to allure the beau. When we behold the most beautiful female forms gliding along the public walks, robed in white, and with the most lovely necks decorated with chains of gold—apt emblems of their power of captivation—we can scarcely forbear exclaiming, "Really, ladies, this is too much, to attack us at once with the united attractions of gold and beauty, the two most powerful objects of man's desire; for pity's sake divest yourselves of those

glittering chains, and decently conceal those bosoms which should not be exposed to the public gaze!"

But lessons of prudence are beneath the attention of our titled dames, whose flowing robes, of a texture unfit to resist the slightest shower, are at once typical of their understanding, and a proof of their refined taste. Their fair tresses are either sacrificed on the altars of fashion, or concealed like masked batteries beneath their head-dress. The Circassian sleeve, the unzoned waist, the pendent work-bag instead of pockets, and that preposterous custom of concealing the purse in the bosom, present such a combination of absurdity and indecency to the feeling mind, that we are ready to controvert the fact, and exclaim, *are these things so!*

A fair moralist*, who is as emulous to promote the happiness of her sex as the vain-glorious slaves of fashion are to excel in frivolity, thus animadverts on the dress of our ladies:—"The unchaste costume, the impure style of dress, and that indelicate statue-like exhibition of the female figure, which, by its artfully disposed folds, its seemingly wet and adhesive drapery, so defines the form as to prevent covering itself from becoming a veil." This licentious mode, as the acute Montesquieu observed on the dances of the Spartan Virgins, has taught us, "*to strip chastity itself of modesty.*" This elegant satirist is certainly too severe; for much benefit may be derived from the dress of our fashionable females. Let us only reflect on the rapid improvement which will be made in the fine arts, while such perfect models present themselves to the observation of the artist.

* Miss Hannah More.

The liberal, nay, profuse display of their beauties, with which our modish dames and virgins gratify the eye in the public walks and theatres, will doubtless improve the imagination of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. The elegant symmetry of form for which our country-women are celebrated, is exhibited by the light transparency of their flowing raiment, and present the most exquisite beauties shining like a constellation to irradiate the path of genius! With what accuracy may the artist despict those graces which *court the eye!* How infinitely superior are those *animated originals* of feminine perfection, which communicate the most distinct and delightful ideas of *form*, *hue*, and *motion*, when compared with the *unanimated* beauties of even the Venus de Medici! Rejoice, ye men of genius! beauty will aid and patronize your efforts; our modern Phrynes and Laises, our gay matrons, nay, even the delicate graces of the shame-faced virgin, are presented to your keen inspection by the liberality of fashion.

Nor is this vanity of dress and deportment confined to our women of rank. The wives and daughters of the gentry and merchants, nay, of shopkeepers and mechanics, are as perfectly similar as circumstances will permit.

Among the different inventions for the convenience of the ladies, the *wig* is perhaps the greatest improvement ever adopted. We have only to regret, that, like other temporary advantages, it will probably soon be sacrificed to some other whim of fashion.

This beautiful ornament was doubtless suggested by some some fair philosopher, whose lucubrations

were devoted to the happiness of her sex; and though some fastidious mortal may object to it as indelicate, it has many advantages over the natural hair.

It prevents the inroads of vermin, which annoyed the belles when high heads and hair-powder were the *ton*. Besides, it is a great saving of that time which is so precious to the ladies in this age of philosophic research. A lady can now take off her head in a moment, place it upon her toilette, and replace it next morning in a few seconds. In warm weather the wig is very convenient to ladies who are naturally *hot-headed*, and are apt to perspire freely, as they may take off their head-dress in the public street, and refrigerate their bare polls, by rubbing them gently with a handkerchief.

The superiority of the wig over the natural hair at masquerades must be obvious; as, in changing dresses, wigs of different colours may be used in personating different characters. In sitting for their portraits, too, the ladies find that wigs facilitate the progress of the artist. *Lady Levity*, so well known for ingenious devices, actually left her wig with an eminent portrait painter the other morning, and put on another that she had brought in her pocket, and which served to decorate her head for the remainder of the day!

In compliance with the mode, those ladies who are favoured by nature with beautiful locks, submit them to the scissars of the hair-dresser, and not only pay him for his trouble, but generously present him with the spoil, which he manufactures into a wig for some bald-pated dame of quality.

On a general survey of the dress of our ladies, and, indeed, of females of every class, they seem univer-

sally to agree with a witty female writer, who asserts that "*if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would hardly be observed;*" and if they continue to undress in proportion as they have done for some time past, we may expect to behold them shining in the unveiled effulgence of natural beauty!

That the ladies, however, have not totally relinquished all ideas of modesty, is evident from their liberal use of the parasol and the veil. The parasol may be denominated the modern fig-leaf, which conceals the beauties of the fair, who have ingeniously contrived to make it a very formidable weapon. When that elegant class of society, the fops, contemplate the varieties of female charms with as much pleasure as ever florists did a favourite carnation, the modest maiden is screened from their prying eyes by the intervening parasol. On the other hand, the coquet can render this little implement not only attractive, but dangerous. By various flirtations she can first allure her beau, on his approach she may conceal her face, or, if she is determined to make an entire conquest, she may suddenly remove her parasol, and break out upon him in the irresistible splendour of beauty, like the sun from behind a cloud. Indeed, the fair sex seem convinced of the power of this engine. Nor are the seductive attractions of the veil unknown; for, strange as it may appear, the very emblems of modesty itself are metamorphosed into the most powerful auxiliaries of gallantry by our modern fine ladies!

When winter compels our pedestrian beauties to resume the muff and tippet, they very judiciously contrive to render these comfortable appendages useless, by the thinness of their dress. A

Portuguese or Spaniard, on his first arrival in town, might conjecture that our fine women were penitents, whom the priest had punished for some peccadillo, by obliging them to wear muffs, to keep the hand and *lower* part of the arm warm, while the *upper* part of that elegant limb was exposed to the frigorific influence of the season.

Our ladies, indeed, seem to be adepts in the art of decoration; and, like the painter, have studied the power of contrast, by an artful distribution of light and shade. This is evident, from their skilful display of formidable curls on the polished forehead; and the august dignity which their soft charms derive from the furs of different ferocious animals.

All the enchantment of feminine charms is evanescent as the resplendent rainbow that swells its magnific arch in the majesty of light! the most delicate complection, the most animated bloom that smiles in the richness of youthful luxuriance on the polished cheek, and the fair light that emanates from the eyes of beauty, must languish and expire! But, though the lilies and roses of love must fade, the mental charms of modesty, sincerity, and virtuous love, are immortal.

We shall now recommend to the attention of the ladies a sentiment of our sweetest poet:

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll:
CHARMS STRIKE THE SIGHT, BUT MERIT WINS THE SOUL!

FEMALE EDUCATION.

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years:
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes, and copies what she hears and sees:
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
That *education* gives her, false or true.

COWPER.

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, we are at this moment assailed by vice under the guise of refinement, and the morals of the people are vitiated at their source by the improper education of females. It is the duty of every patriot to watch over the most amiable part of the human species, on whose virtue, the honour, safety, and happiness of the community so essentially depend; and to preserve them from the pestilential contagion of vice, which now blights the first bloom of their mental beauties. The following letter from an indulgent, but disappointed parent, will illustrate this fact.

SIR,

I AM a widower, and the chief pride and delight of my life would be my two daughters, were they endowed with discretion. But, alas! all my fond hopes have been blasted, by giving them a fashionable education.

Being an opulent merchant, I resolved to spare no expence in the instruction of my children. Accord-

ingly when the eldest, whose name is Mary, had attained the age of ten years, and her sister Eliza, beth nine, I visited a distant female relation, who kept a boarding-school in a village adjacent to the metropolis, and proposed to place my daughters under her care. Mrs. Marall assured me that the greatest pains should be taken to render them accomplished.

In a few days I accompanied my blooming cherubs to the boarding-school, and afterwards in my occasional visits I had reason to be pleased with their progress in the French language, music, and similar accomplishments, which are now considered as indispensible. I thought, however, that I perceived a mixture of levity in their manners, and expostulated with Mrs. Marall; but she lulled my apprehensions, by saying, "My dear sir, you may rely on my attention to the morals of your daughters—my school has long been celebrated for decorum. 'Tis true, I have several young ladies of distinction entrusted my care; and you know, cousin, we must not be too austere with persons of quality, who allow themselves a greater latitude of action than would be proper for people of inferior rank." "Madam," replied I, "no station can sanction levity, and I request that my daughters may not be permitted to imitate the follies which you think pardonable in high life." "Cousin," rejoined she, in a soothing tone, "the morals of your girls shall be preserved like jewels; they shall be consigned to their worthy father, pure as innocence itself."

When my daughters had continued five years under the care of their preceptress, I reconducted

them home. Their education cost me upwards of a thousand pounds, and I was delighted with their proficiency in polite attainments. But though their gentility of deportment, and easiness of manners, were admirable, I looked in vain for that angelic smile of simplicity which once played on their lips, and glistened in their eyes; nay, I remarked a passion for finery, which appeared to originate in pride; but I forbore expostulation during the first evening after their return home, lest they should be terrified at any appearance of austerity.

Next morning after breakfast I desired my footman to attend them when they should be disposed to walk. In the course of the morning I had occasion to pass through St. James's-park, where the fine weather had invited a numerous assemblage of polite pedestrians. Although I was delighted with the beauty and gaiety of several groups of young ladies, I could not suppress an emotion of pity, on observing the very indecent manner in which they were attired. But what appeared still more censurable was, their haughty demeanour, and the satisfaction with which they seemed to enjoy the homage of the men as they passed.

I entered into a conversation with a gentleman, and expressed my disapprobation of the licentiousness of fashion; he replied, "Your observations are just, sir, but what can the poor girls do? they must dress and behave like others, or they will be entirely neglected." While we conversed, I beheld two young ladies approach, dressed in the light drapery of the *ton*, and attended by a servant. They stepped together with the most sprightly air, and often varied their posture to excite the attention

of others. I contemplated the levity of these young creatures with secret pity; but what was my astonishment to find that they were my own daughters! They blushed, appeared disconcerted at this unexpected meeting, and proposed to accompany me home. The gentleman with whom I had been conversing, with a significant smile, wished me a good morning, and I left the public walk, overwhelmed with shame and sorrow, at the indiscretion of my children.

I expostulated with my dear girls on the impropriety of their conduct. They assured me they had been taught to dress according to the fashion, and thought it no crime to appear like others. While I expatiated on the indelicacy of young virgins being habited like women of the town, and the folly of supposing that they would gain admirers by walking the streets half-naked, they appeared to feel the force of conviction. Their dress is now perfectly genteel, modest, and becoming; yet I perceive, with infinite regret, that the seeds of levity sown by a boarding-school education will scarcely ever be eradicated. My lovely girls have, indeed, eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and, like Eve, have thereby lost their primitive simplicity.

I am, &c.

PRUDENTIUS.

From the pernicious tendency of excessive refinement, as described by Prudentius, it is evident that

our public seminaries are improperly conducted. Nor is the private education of females among the higher classes more productive of felicity. Even from her infancy, the young lady is habituated to the unrestrained gratification of her most capricious whims—praised, idolized!—in this ungovernable state of petulance she proceeds with little advantage through the usual gradations of education. Masters attend to teach her different languages; she acquires a smattering of each; and like the swallow, just sips the surface of the stream, and flies off to some more alluring object. The lighter female accomplishments of dancing, music, and drawing, are the principal objects of her attention, and her personal charms are cultivated with such solicitude, that the very air of heaven is not suffered to *visit her face too roughly*.

When perfectly accomplished, this charming creature is introduced to the fashionable world, where her beauties emanate like the first rays of morning, to the delight of the admiring beaux. She enters the temple of Affectation with a palpitating bosom, but her fears soon subside, and she participates the varied pleasures of the ball, the fête, and the masquerade, with as much glee as the Duchess of G —— herself. Gratified by the fulsome flattery and flippant wit of the titled coxcomb, the beautiful *tyro* feels an emulation to obtain universal admiration, and learns to wield the sonorous cymbals with all the agility and grace imaginable. Those brazen emblems of female modesty must be highly conducive to the harmony of polished society, and enable the fair performer to suppress the small

remains of bashfulness, so incommodious in high life.

Such accomplishments are doubtless considered by our modish ladies as indispensible, especially if they hope to rival the actresses, and recal the wandering hearts of those lovers who are attracted by theatric graces. Our men of fashion, indeed, have the example of an English peer to countenance their attachment to the beauties of the green-room; and we may expect, if the *mania* continues, to see those heroines transplaced from their fictitious greatness into the superb mansions of our nobility, to preside over the varying freaks of vanity and extravagance.

But it is among the middle classes that the effects of mismanaged boarding-schools are most severely felt. The ambition of parents to see their children exalted, occasions them to lavish that money on superfluous accomplishments, which would have been much better applied to purchase more solid benefits. The wives of merchants and tradesmen, viewing the infantine graces of their daughters with maternal delight, vainly think that to initiate them in modish qualifications will be their certain exaltation, if not to a title, at least to a higher rank in society than that in which they have been born.

For this purpose miss is entrusted to the governess of a boarding-school, and no recruit ever suffered more at drill than she is obliged to undergo. Her form is moulded according to the correct ideas which her preceptress has of grace; she is taught to look, sit, move, and speak by rule; and to play upon various instruments of music, dance and speak

French, by masters whose insignificance is only equalled by their adulatory impertinence.

Unaccustomed to the conversation of men of sense, the poor girl soon imbibes the flippant nonsense of her teachers, and should any of those coxcombs happen to be an agreeable man, an intrigue is probably commenced with his pupil, which terminates in an elopement.

Is there a father or mother feelingly solicitous for the future honour and happiness of their daughter, who would intrust her into one of those modern temples of affectation, called boarding-schools? No, rather let the loveliest part of our species be educated at home, by a mother; or if she be incompetent to the task, let a modest preceptress instruct the blooming girl beneath that paternal roof where *seduction* will not presume to appear under the assumed name of *refinement*. This mode of education will preserve the morals of the virgin, and be particularly useful and practicable among those in the middle classes of society; as girls can not only make a regular progress in useful and ornamental knowledge, which renders even beauty more amiable, but they may also be initiated in those easily acquired arts of domestic economy peculiar to their sex. Thus the daughters of shop-keepers can occasionally assist in the sale of goods, and at once learn a useful and profitable business, while they repay the cares of their parents, by grateful exertions for their mutual welfare, at the same time that *home* may be considered as a sanctuary, where the demon *Vice* can have no influence.

By the present preposterous ambition to educate young women of the subordinate classes with the

profusion of those in the highest ranks, many girls are utterly disqualified to fill their place and perform their duties in society, and in a manner prepared for seduction!

An elegant young woman, long accustomed to the homage of a train of coxcombs, will expect similar attention from her husband, and feel her pride mortified when she finds herself treated as a mere woman. From the frivolity of her mind, she is not possessed of that modest dignity so essential to command the esteem of her partner;—hence bickerings, jealousies, and often mutual infidelity, terminated by a separation.

Good sense is as much superior to the levity of wit as the light of the sun is to a meteor; and an accomplished female mind is infinitely more estimable in the eyes of reflecting men than those exhibitions of feminine charms obtruded on our fancy by fashion. Such beautiful creatures as glide along the streets, decorated in showy apparel, may amuse the passenger; but who would wish to see his wife in the loose attire of a woman of the town? Then let us discountenance this violation of public decency, so abominable to the virtuous mind, and endeavour to persuade the fair sex, that modesty and purity of manners are the true ornaments that render their beauty at once amiable and inestimable.

THE DANGER OF THE MODERN SYSTEM OF FEMALE EDUCATION;

EXEMPLIFIED IN MEMOIRS OF ELIZA.

AMONG the various species of false refinement in this luxurious age, none seems more censurable than the improper education of daughters. A frivolous passion for ornamental accomplishments universally prevails, and the parents of a pretty girl, though they can scarcely pay their rent, taxes, and purchase the common necessaries of life, must have *one young lady* in the family. Doubtless, many of the unfortunate females who are now "prostitute for bread" in this metropolis, were educated with uncommon care; had their vanity flattered by governesses, and dancing-masters; and, by a preposterous encouragement in the pursuit of elegance, became the dupes of their own desires and the victims of seduction.

Our most elegant and pleasing bard gives his fair readers the following useful hint:

"Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd wish all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd and angel-like ador'd?
How vain are all those glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains!
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but *merit* wins the soul."

POPE.

Many, alas! too many subjects have been furnished to the novelist and tragic poet, by the pernicious wiles of the seducer of female innocence; but when we behold parents in a manner preparing their daughters for the dangerous assaults of the voluptuary, by placing their attractions in the strongest light, how can we suppress our indignation at such glaring absurdity?

Eliza, the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Meanwell, was, from her infancy, an amiable girl. Her father, who was a reputable grocer in Wapping, had by honest industry realized a considerable property, and Mrs. Meanwell, who was a good sort of woman enough, felt her pride much increased, with increasing opulence.

Fashionable life was now Mrs. Meanwell's daily theme: she had once been honoured with an invitation to the annual entertainment given by the Lord Mayor to his friends. The splendid company, which assembled at the Mansion House on this occasion, dazzled the eyes of the grocer's wife, and a complimentary expression, from the lips of a certain Duchess, almost turned the brain of Mrs. Meanwell.

She now insisted on her husband keeping his coach; but with this moderate desire the prudent grocer would not comply. She then assailed him at a more vulnerable point, and expatiated with such eloquence on the elegance and taste resulting from a fashionable education, that the good man in an evil hour consented to send Eliza to a boarding-school.

Eliza was indeed a lovely girl. She was now about fourteen years of age, and had hitherto lived

in a state of amity with her three sisters, Nancy, Maria, and Emma; for though she excelled them in personal beauty and vivacity of disposition, vanity had not yet taken possession of her blameless bosom. Sometimes, indeed, the ridiculous praise of her mother's visitors gave her a momentary sensation of delight; but some toy, by engaging her attention, commonly prevented her from being injured by this pernicious, though customary species of flattery. What is more common, and at the same time what can be more egregious, than to hear visitors of both sexes expressing their approbation of the beauty and accomplishments of the children of those whom they visit; and all this under a semblance of friendship. Such insincere, vulgar, and preposterous flattery, should be banished out of society; for doubtless many an innocent girl has received the first taint of vanity from the breath of these pernicious encomiasts. Nay, how often have we beheld the pretty innocent at a short distance, in the same apartment, listening with speechless attention to the praises of those who flattered the parent, by approving the child.

When the plan of Eliza's education was determined on, Mrs. Meanwell easily persuaded her husband to send the girl to some celebrated boarding-school in the west end of the town. "Here, my dear," said this mistaken mother, "our girl will constantly associate with the daughters of persons of quality; and acquire an elegance of manners, which she could never obtain even in the best school in our vulgar neighbourhood."

Mrs. Meanwell, without delay, applied to Mrs. V——, whose boarding-school was celebrated as

the very Temple of the Graces. Her reception was flattering, and Mrs. V. boasted that her pupils were better instructed than those of any other school. "I employ the best masters," said she; "and Mademoiselle Nannette Racemier teaches the French language in perfection. Permit me, Madam, to introduce that young lady, she is a French woman of the most easy and engaging manners." Saying this she rung a bell, and sent a servant for the governess, who entered the room with the ease of an actress.

The terms of tuition being mentioned to the satisfaction of all parties, Mrs. Meanwell returned home, and immediate preparations were made for the removal of Eliza to * * * * Street, Mary-le-bone.

But young and inconsiderate as Eliza was, and though elated with the idea of her own importance, she could not think of parting with her sisters and playmates without sorrow. Her sisters were inconsolable, and considered the departure of Eliza as a very great misfortune; but the dictates of pride prevailed over the voice of nature. The innocent Eliza set out for the boarding-school with an aching, though blameless heart, which was soon to feel the perversion of false refinement.

Mrs. V—— received her lovely pupil with complaisance, and Mademoiselle Nannette engaged in the tuition of her charge with alacrity.

This cunning young Frenchwoman soon ingratiated herself with Eliza, who was grateful for the friendly attention of her good-natured preceptress, as she then thought her.

Nannette was, indeed, too good-natured! she was originally the daughter of M. Racemier, a fruiterer, near the Palais Royal, Paris, where her agree-

able person and sprightly conversation first engaged the attention of Lord W——, an English Nobleman. His lordship persuaded Nannette to elope with him to England, where they lived together two years. Her vivacity and spirit however occasioned bickerings, and her noble seducer resolved on a separation. Being a voluptuary, who gloried in the seduction of young women, he offered Nannette five hundred a year, on condition that she should engage as governess in a boarding school for young ladies, and assist him in the seduction of the most beautiful girl entrusted to her care. The unprincipled Nannette agreed, and Mrs. V's. school was the place where this most diabolical scheme was to be carried into execution.

At this school Nannette had resided about six months before the arrival of Eliza, and though some very charming girls were placed under her tuition, their rank and reservedness had hitherto deterred her from exercising her seductive arts. The moment Eliza made her appearance, Nannette marked her out as a proper companion for Lord W——.

Miss Meanwell was now initiated in the first principles of affectation. A dancing master, a master of music, and her French governess, alternately harrassed the poor girl with their impertinent instructions. By degrees she acquired some knowledge of the French, and made a rapid progress in the art of dancing. Her attainments in music were slow, not from any deficiency of taste, but the difficulty of acquiring that elegant accomplishment.

In her deportment, affectation soon took the place of untaught grace. She found to her surprise that to blush, or laugh, would be considered as a mark of vulgarity in a young lady; that her be-

haviour must be regulated according to the barometer, and her feelings by the thermometer of fashion.

Music, that inchanting but seductive science, was one of the accomplishments in which her governess excelled, and Eliza, whose voice was melodious and her ear delicate, soon became delighted with her progress in the study of harmony. Under the influence of this musical mania, she struck the chords of her lyre like a Muse, and while her symphonious voice chaunted love-songs, her gentle bosom was infected with that morbid sensibility, which prepared it for the reception of tender impressions, and eventually led to seduction.

The artful Nannette observed the progress of her charming pupil with secret glee. To render her person more attractive, Eliza was also taught to dance. On this occasion she suffered almost as much pain and mortification as a recruit under the discipline of a drill-serjeant. As the *skipping-rope* was now considered an appendage to the art of dancing, Eliza was indulged with a silken cord, and soon felt an ambition to excel her school fellows by superior agility and grace in the elegant accomplishment of skipping.

In a few days she attained such a proficiency in this useful exercise, that she could swing her skipping-rope backwards, forwards, or transversly, with a scientific ease which her playmates imitated in vain. Her health indeed was improved by this exercise, but she lost that delicate sensation of modesty which formerly suffused her beautiful cheek with a crimson glow on the slightest occasion.

Nannette beheld with rapture the gradual depravation of the devoted Eliza. When that bloom-

ing innocent was first placed under the tuition of the intriguing Frenchwoman, she felt some doubts of success; but from the moment that Eliza became a *skipping girl*, the giddy votary of levity and false refinement—from that moment Nannette was convinced that her machinations would be successful.

Indeed the fantastical amusements and acquirements of young ladies at a boarding school seem adapted to render them either proud, insignificant, or licentious, and such was their effect on Eliza. The advocate for ornamental accomplishments may exclaim, "would you have young ladies to remain in a state of ignorance? why should not their minds receive the polish of instruction?" To this it may be replied, that the lighter accomplishments, which now wholly engross their time and attention, should be made the *secondary*, not the *primary* objects of acquisition.

Benevolence should be first cherished in the innocent and susceptible female bosom, instead of that ridiculous affectation of feeling, which only tends to harden the heart! Candour and sincerity should be adopted, instead of the grimace which is now called good breeding. Frequent visits to their parents and friends, should keep alive the filial and fraternal virtues, which are the source of so much felicity to those who participate the sweet emotions of "relations dear;" and that censurable estrangement, by which the heart is now alienated from these essential duties, would be no longer productive of a general negligence in the performance of the domestic virtues. As the great object of education is the promotion of individual and general happiness, let piety to the great Creator be the basis on which

the social virtues are raised; and let the tender and amiable propensities of the youthful heart be regulated by decorum, and sanctioned by virtue. Then shall the lovely daughters of Britain combine with exterior grace, that purity of mind, and modesty of demeanour, which must render them the ornaments of society.

Eliza continued at the boarding-school for two years, in a state of progressive improvement, and her governess had so effectually obtained her confidence and affection, that the kind-hearted girl felt for her all the filial affection of a daughter. Nannette, on the other hand, had been assiduous in the tuition of her pupil in the ornamental accomplishments of dancing, singing and music; and the charming girl, who had now attained her sixteenth year, was allowed to be the greatest beauty at the school.

Lord W——, who had been informed by Nannette of the fair prize destined for him, became anxious to obtain an interview. He had seen Miss Meanwell when she walked out with the other young ladies, and the peculiar elegance of her person enchanted him. Eliza was worthy of a better fate than to become the victim of voluptuousness. Her form was feminine and graceful. Perfect symmetry appeared to harmonize a person in which all the airiness and vigour of activity was combined with the soft and delicate flowing lines of beauty, which diffused inconceivable grace and elegance over her person, and gave animation and agility to every motion. Her charming face was the image of cheerfulness and candour; but the youthful bloom of her cheek, the timid glance of her eye, and the ex-

posure of her bosom agreeably to the dictates of fashion, invited to love. Her face was the index of a mind rather passive than active; and her languishing demeanour was calculated rather to incite than repel the intruder. Her disposition, though vivacious, was submissive, and when chid she melted into tears instead of kindling into anger. Such was the innocent and amiable Eliza, and such in general are young women at her age. A degree of pleasurable indolence, nourished by their false refinement, renders them unable to support that modest dignity which awes the seducer, and is so essential to the preservation of female honour.

Mrs. V—, who confided in the fidelity of Nannette, was not displeased at her particular attention to Miss Meanwell, whose father was liberal in his presents to the preceptress of his favourite child. Indeed, so great was the confidence reposed by Mrs. V— in the Frenchwoman's discretion, that she permitted her to accompany Eliza in her occasional visits to Wapping. Nannette profited by this indulgence, and sometimes, instead of taking her pupil to visit her parents, she accompanied her to a private theatre, where several tradesmen and their wives rendered themselves ridiculous and contemptible, by quitting their proper sphere in society, and performing different parts upon the stage!

Eliza, who had been unaccustomed to theatric exhibitions, was charmed with the splendour of the scenery, dresses, and lights, the music, the gaiety of the actors, and the momentary joy that illumined the countenances of the audience, who, being admitted gratis, were not disposed to censure, but approve, however egregious the performance.

At these scenes of dissipation and buffoonery, poor Eliza was habituated to behold wanton gestures, and to hear witty and licentious sentiments, interchanged between the actors and actresses: the sighs of desire breathed on the stage, were responded by the too-susceptive bosom of the innocent and unsuspicious virgin, while Nannette beheld the expression of her emotions with secret pleasure.

During one of these evening amusements, Lord W—— entered the theatre, and approached Nannette, who, in whispers, introduced the gentleman to Eliza, as her particular friend. The innocent girl blushed—and, with that modesty which is the best safeguard of virtue, continued silent. Between the acts his lordship made some witty observations, and Eliza's timidity was gradually dissipated by the apparent familiarity with which her governess treated him. On retiring from the theatre, Lord W—— proposed to accompany the ladies home; and they stepped into his coach, which conveyed them to his lordship's town residence, instead of the boarding-school.

Eliza was shocked on finding herself in a strange house; but Nannette, gaily smiling, cried, "My dear pupil, it is only a frolic of my friend!—we shall proceed home presently." The entrance of Lord W—— prevented a further explanation. He saluted his fair friends, requested Nannette to order supper, and when she retired, he seized the opportunity to make professions to Eliza of his passion. She blushed; her spirits were almost overpowered; and she appeared sinking from the sofa on which she sat, when Lord W—— supported her in his arms. When this artful debauchee perceived that

Eliza's countenance gave no indication of resentment, he expressed a rhapsody of tender nonsense, to which she listened with blushes, while the tremor of surprise and modesty vibrated throughout her frame. Lord W—— professed an honourable attachment, mentioned his rank, and offered her his hand. Eliza started when he mentioned his name and title. Vanity, that most pernicious enemy to female innocence, agitated her breast; and the elegant flattery of his lordship, which was enforced by a pleasing person and address, soon triumphed over her unsuspecting heart.

On the return of Nannette, an elegant supper was served up, and soon afterwards the ladies were conducted to the vicinity of the boarding-school, in his lordship's carriage. Before their departure, Eliza consented to another interview; and thus her youthful vanity, together with the perfidy of her governess, rendered her the thoughtless victim of a polite but unprincipled debauchee.

At another interview with his lordship, she consented to an elopement, and private marriage. A day of the following week was mentioned; and while poor Eliza was busied during her hours of retirement, in making preparations for her departure, Mrs. Meanwell came to the school, to take her home.

This disappointment disconcerted Nannette and her pupil; but the wily Frenchwoman, with a smile, said, in a whisper, "I shall contrive some plan to carry you off from your father's house, Eliza." With a nod of assent, the poor young dupe of credulity turned to her false friend, and bidding an af-

fectionate adieu to Mrs. V—, who had ever been but too indulgent, she accompanied her father to Wapping, where she was received with congratulations by her mother and three amiable sisters.

The return of Eliza to her paternal home, was an event of too much consequence to remain uncelebrated by Mrs. Meanwell and her friends. Indeed her pride was so much gratified, with the accomplishments of her daughter, that she looked with contempt on that shop, to which she was indebted for affluence. Her customers appeared vulgar, troublesome creatures; nay, she felt the utmost reluctance to serve them. This office, indeed, was left principally to Mr. Meanwell, his apprentice, and three daughters, who were civil, amiable, and unassuming.

As for Eliza, she never made her appearance in her father's shop. She now considered herself a person of quality; and the effluvia of the goods, to the profits arising from which she was indebted for education, were offensive to "the nose of nice nobility;" for Eliza was now a lady in imagination, and her credulous mother, to whom she imparted the secret of Lord W——'s attachment, looked upon her own child as her superior, and attended her with an obsequiousness at once ridiculous and censurable.

Eliza, thus indulged by a fond but mistaken mother, affected to censure the vulgarity of her sisters, the visitors at her father's, and even ventured to ridicule some of Mr. Meanwell's peculiarities! This levity she had acquired during her intercourse with Nannette, and she was perpetually praising that volatile Frenchwoman. She affected the utmost con-

tempt for the English language; and, when Mr. Meanwell, in his expostulation with her, mentioned some of our best writers, Addison, Pope, and Dr. Johnson, who he contended were superior to her French favourites, she replied, "I hate all doctors; and I am convinced Dr. Johnson never was equal to my dear Rousseau." "What!" replied her father, "the author of the Rambler, our best moralist, not equal to a French free-thinker?" "No, Sir;" said the young lady, with a smile, "no English rambling doctor could write so elegantly as my favourite." She then repeated a passage in French, and exclaimed, "there is sentiment and wit, father." "It may be so, for aught I know," replied the grocer; "but, had I known that levity was one branch of fashionable education, you never should have been taught French."

Eliza was mortified; she shed tears, and her father left the room, muttering disapprobation of his own imprudence, in consenting to the vitiation of his favourite daughter's mind.

The behaviour of Eliza gave great uneasiness to the whole family, except her mother. When she wanted any thing of her sisters, she spoke to them in French; and, while they gazed at her, without understanding a word, she commonly gave vent to her gaiety in a loud laugh. This disgusted her sisters, who, though meek and good-natured, were naturally roused to resentment, when treated with such impertinent ridicule.

Mrs. Meanwell, however, indulged her elegant Eliza in every capricious whim, respecting dress and ornaments. By her desire, a room was fitted up in the most superb style, for her musical instruments,

books, and materials for drawing. Another apartment was appropriated to the toilette, at which she daily spent two or three hours. Nay, so great was her extravagance, that, in imitation of the apes of dissipation, in the fashionable world, as it is called, she requested her mother to indulge her with the entertainment of a masqued ball! This additional proof of his daughter's levity was very vexatious to poor Mr. Meanwell, who resolutely refused to admit such dissipation under his roof. "No;" said the good man to his wife, "Eliza's folly and false refinement are sufficiently ridiculous already, we need not make them public!"

Whatever chagrin Eliza felt at this disappointment, was instantly removed by the arrival of her old friend, the accomplished and gay Mademoiselle Racemier. After mutual compliments, Nanette mentioned the object of her visit. "The promotion of your happiness, my dear Eliza," said this false friend, "has induced me to relinquish my place at the boarding-school; but your friendship, and that of your noble husband, will be a sufficient compensation to me. It is now the bathing-season: Lord W—— wishes to take a trip to Margate, whither we must accompany him; and there you are to be married. He will be ready this evening with a boat, at Blackwall, to convey us on board a small vessel, which he has engaged for our accommodation. We may take a walk together along the bank of the Thames, and step into the boat, without exciting any suspicion; and, before this time to-morrow, I hope you will be a lady." She then embraced Eliza, whose heart throbbed with various emotions.

Reliance on the fidelity of Nannette, induced Eliza to leave the whole management of the elopement to her; and soon after dinner she accompanied her visitor on her afternoon's ramble.

The variety of objects, the multitude of shipping, the bustle of commerce, and the sprightly chit-chat of Nannette, prevented Eliza from making any reflexions on her inprudent precipitation. She proceeded, arm in arm, with her companion, and soon arrived at the spot where Lord W—— attended with his boat.

His lordship stepped on shore, expressed his joy in whispers, and handed the ladies into the boat, which was rowed to a small vessel, which hoisted sail, and stood to sea, the moment they got on board.

Though the weather was temperate, yet Eliza and Nannette, being unaccustomed to a voyage, became sea-sick, and continued in a qualmish state, till the next day at noon, when the vessel approached land. Eliza, on enquiry, was informed that they were off the coast of France, and bound to Dunkirk, instead of Margate! This intelligence excited surprise and terror in her bosom; but Lord W—— calmed her fears, by assuring her of his honourable intentions; and, that their marriage should be solemnized as soon as possible.

As peace had been concluded between France and England, his lordship had provided himself with a passport. He, together with the ladies, was suffered to land without molestation; and they proceeded to the principal inn, where refreshments were immediately procured.

After a night of sound repose, Eliza awoke with a

mixture of joy and apprehension, to hail her bridal day! Meanwhile, Lord W——, like a complete proficient in seduction, had bribed a miscreant to assume the clerical habit; and, after the ceremony of a mock marriage, at which Nannette was present, the innocent and lovely Eliza resigned herself to the arms of a villain.

The completion of this iniquitous scheme, in which Nannette had been an active auxiliary, was followed by a present of one thousand pounds, given by the profuse and voluptuous Lord W——, whose fondness for Eliza was extreme. They passed a week at Dunkirk, and proceeded through a pleasant country to Paris. The rural scenery, the dress of the peasantry, together with their manners, had all the charms of novelty for Eliza, who was much gratified with the successive variety of scenes, rendered still more grateful by the endearments of a nobleman, whom she considered as her husband, and the kind attentions of Nannette, whom she loved as a faithful friend. Poor unfortunate Eliza; she too soon discovered her mistake, and the dreadful abyss of infamy and ruin, into which she was precipitated by the machinations of voluptuousness!

On the arrival of our travellers in the French metropolis, Eliza was astonished at the gaiety and extravagance of the inhabitants. Lord W——, desirous to contribute to her amusement, accompanied her to the theatres, promenades, and public exhibitions.

At some of the theatres, Eliza was surprized to find, that the entertainments consisted of the representation of some absurd romance, such as the

"Castle Spectre;" and, at others, contemptible buffoonery, very little superior to the vulgar entertainments, exhibited at Jones's and Astley's, in London.

Lord W—— hurried Eliza from one scene of dissipation to another, thus keeping her gaiety in full play, and preventing the influence of that intruder, Reflection. For this purpose, he carried her to the most licentious scenes of public amusement, particularly the *theatre des Varietes*. The dissolute manners of the demireps, and their gallants, besides a number of *fashionable ladies*, who thronged the lobby, at first shocked the yet uncorrupted heart of Eliza. She expressed her uneasiness and disapprobation to Nannette; but that gay and unprincipled young woman laughed at her scruples; and the immoral tendency of the pieces performed, and with which Lord W—— appeared much entertained, at length became tolerable to Eliza, who was told, that it was unfashionable to appear scrupulous.

At the *Phantasmagorie*, she was amused with the charming display of ghosts, devils, and apparitions, which were formed by throwing the images from a common magic lanthorn upon transparent black gauze. Eliza soon became disgusted with this most childish entertainment, and laughed at the absurd false terrors roused in the minds of the spectators, by these optical illusions. "Such entertainments would not be tolerated in London," said she. "Pardon me, my lady," replied Nannette, "your countrymen are as liable to be imposed upon as mine; and, at this moment, an adventurer is filling his purse at the expense of the public, in London, by

the *Phantasmagoria*, exhibited in the Strand. Indeed, the ease with which the people of England are duped, is evident from the successful imposture of quack doctors, such as Brodum, with his Nervous Cordial; Solomon, with his Balm of Gilead; Senate, with Lozenges of Steel; and that still more ridiculous and farcical operation of curing rheumatism, burns, and contusions, by the application of Perkins's Metallic Tractors. Tell me, my dear lady," continued Nannette, "do you think the people of Paris would give five louis for a pair of metallic tractors, not worth five sous? Nay, such is the lamentable good nature of your countrymen, that an impudent adventurer, at this moment is levying a contribution of half-a-crown a-piece upon every curious young gentleman who holds a conference with the *Invisible Girl!*" The cheerfulness of Nannette, the tender assiduities of her seducer, and the gaiety, splendour, and elegance of surrounding objects in the public theatres, were highly gratifying to Eliza, whose inexperience rendered her passive.

But the circle of Eliza's amusements were not merely confined to Paris. Frequent excursions to the villages, in its environs, varied her enjoyments, and every day came winged with some new gratification. The polite manners of the Parisians, rendered her residence in that capital very pleasing. Nothing of the ferocity of revolutionary frenzy remained; the people appeared as polite, gay, and dissipated, as during the monarchy; and, indeed, the Consular government, by the splendour of its state, seemed to have restored all the pomp of royalty, without the name. Military processions, and guards; numerous retinues, in rich liveries; the

restoration of the priesthood, and all the solemnity of religious ceremonies, seemed so perfect a revival of the former government, that a person who had visited Paris some years prior to the revolution, and now returned to that city, would hardly conceive that such a volcanic event had happened. The reign of Pleasure was completely restored, and all the sternness and dignity of Democracy had vanished. Instead of the simple garb adopted by the Republicans, in imitation of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the dress of the gentry was regulated as formerly, by the capricious decrees of fashion. The ladies, indeed, adhered to the Grecian *costume*, which had been introduced in the first æra of the revolution, because that mode of dress exhibited their persons to the best advantage; but their manners and amusements were as refined and luxurious as those of the politest circles of Europe.

Whatever gratification Eliza received, from her participation of the varied delights of polished society, were soon succeeded by a mournful reverse. Nannette, with whom Lord W—— carried on an intrigue, now became so audacious, that Eliza's jealousy was excited; and the coldness of her husband was a sufficient corroboration of her suspicions.—While tortured with all the misery of suspense, a letter, which she found on her toilette table, convinced her of the perfidy of Lord W—, and her false friend; it was as follows:—

" MY DEAR GIRL,

" As it would be cruel to trifle any longer with " your feelings, I must therefore inform you, that " we were never married! A servant, out of place, " whom I bribed to assume the habit of a priest, " performed that ceremony, at Dunkirk, which " gave me possession of the most beautiful woman " in the world. But, 'variety,' is my motto; " and even the charms of Eliza are now insipid; " in consequence of which, I have resolved upon a " tour to Geneva, accompanied by your old friend, " Nannette; and lest you should be solitary dur- " ing our absence, I advise you to return to your " native country; and inclose a note of one hun- " dred *louis*, to defray the expense of your jour- " ney.

" W—."

With a mind agitated by the frenzy of despair, the unfortunate Eliza quitted her elegant residence; and, passing through several streets, found herself on the banks of the Seine. In the paroxysm of grief, she was going to precipitate herself headlong into the river; but the early impression of religion made her pause.—Eliza was not prepared for death. —She had hitherto rambled along the smooth and flowery path of pleasure; consequently dissolution was doubly terrific. Conscience, that faithful monitor, told her she had already acted wrong; and,

that suicide would only lead to certain perdition. Sorrow, by subduing her pride, made her bosom susceptible of contrition, and prepared it for the reception of virtue.

Eliza now shed the first tears of repentance. Her heart had not been totally vitiated; she had been deceived, and her honour remained untainted. Led by the windings of the river, she reached a small village in the environs of Paris. It was now evening; the setting sun adorned the beautiful landscape with mild lustre; the sweet breath of a May evening wafted odours; and the mingling melody of the birds, the bleating of flocks, the lowing of herds, and the cheerful voices of the peasants in the adjacent cottages, would have rendered the scene delightful to Eliza at any other time. But her mind was so completely occupied by her misfortunes, that these combined rural charms imparted no satisfaction.

Exhausted with her emotions, Eliza sunk down, weeping, upon a grassy seat, beneath an elm, near a cottage. An old woman who stood at her door, surveyed her attentively; she approached her; but, from the richness of her dress, she continued respectfully silent. Eliza raised her mournful eyes, and beckoned to the villager. "Mother," said she, "can you afford an asylum to an unfortunate young woman, who, betrayed by the perfidy of others, wishes to conceal herself from the observation of the world?"—"Yes;" replied the old woman, "though indigent, I can sympathise with the sorrow of others. Come with me to my cottage, where you shall find yourself at once welcome and safe."

Supported by this humane villager, Eliza entered the cottage, and the old woman hastily prepared refreshments, and pressed the stranger to eat. Eliza, in return for this hospitality, related her story. Christine sympathised with her fair narrator, and consoled her by an offer of protection.

"Let me remain with you," replied Eliza, "I shall endeavour to forget my native country and friends. I am not altogether destitute; here are one hundred louis, which my betrayer inclosed in his last letter. As I obtained this money by no dishonourable means, I think myself entitled to use it, and shall deposit it with you for my maintenance." Christine took the money; at the same time declaring, with the utmost sincerity, that it was not a pecuniary reward which she required for her performance of the duties of humanity; and, that the property should be entirely appropriated to the use of the owner.

In the seclusion of Christine's cottage, poor Eliza endeavoured to forgot both her betrayer and her kindred. But reflection often filled her mind with sorrow.

While the unfortunate victim of seduction concealed herself from her relatives and the world, Mr. Meanwell and his family continued inconsolable in consequence of her absence, and the uncertainty of her fate. From the time of her elopement, every means that reason could suggest had been tried by him, to discover his daughter. For this purpose, he had advertised in the newspapers, inviting her to return to her paternal mansion, and offering a considerable reward to whoever could give any information respecting his daughter. But Eliza was then

a lady in her own imagination; and, like other votaries of vanity, was wandering through the fantastic labyrinth of pleasure: consequently, the invitation of a forgiving father never met her eyes; and her distance from her native country, and residence in a populous capital, rendered her undiscoverable to those persons who searched after her, in hopes of the reward.

Irritated by his unsuccessful exertions, Mr. Meanwell upbraided his wife, whose pride, he said, was the fatal cause of Eliza's elopement and death. "You see, madam," said he, "that your mistaken vanity has bereft us of a favourite child, who has probably been decoyed from the paths of virtue, by some fashionable seducer, and has at once brought infamy on herself, and dishonour to her connections. Our three daughters, who have remained at home, and received merely the common benefits of a domestic education, are now innocent, virtuous, and happy! Accustomed to business, they are at once useful and ornamental to their parents, and will, it is to be hoped, occupy their place in society with propriety. But poor Eliza, amiable from the hand of nature, was vitiated by false refinement, and inflated by pride, assumed a preposterous superiority even over her own parents." Mrs. Meanwell, when too late, acknowledged her error; but, in consequence of her natural vivacity, she soon forgot Eliza. On the other hand, the honest grocer was deeply afflicted, and his health languished under the severe emotions of secret grief.

Meanwhile winter approached, and Eliza continued in the cottage of the hospitable Christine, whose humanity at once mitigated the affliction

of her companion, and proved a powerful cordial to restore her health.

Yielding to the dictates of the heart, and the advice of her friend Christine, this fair penitent resolved to return to her father's house. Accordingly, in the beginning of May, she proceeded to Calais, and sailed in the packet for Dover, where she arrived.

Eliza now dreading the reproaches of her parents, and the scorn of her acquaintance, retired to an obscure village, within a few miles of Dover, where she took lodgings in a farmer's house, near the seashore. She daily walked along the strand, and found her health and spirits cherished by the seabreezes; and her mind gradually recovered a degree of serenity. In one of her morning rambles, as she climbed over a small rocky point of land, she met a gentleman; but, wishing to avoid observation, she approached him with her eyes fixed on the ground.

An exclamation, and the well-known voice of her father, made Eliza raise her head. The forgiving parent ran forward, just as she was sinking to the earth; and, at once expressed his joy at this fortuitous meeting, and his forgiveness of her follies. (*See engraving.*)

With eyes suffused with tears, and a bosom glowing with gratitude, poor Eliza accompanied her father to London; but, notwithstanding the forgiveness of her parents, and the kindness of her sisters, she felt abashed in their presence. Every object, in her paternal home, reminded her of her former happiness, pride, and indiscretion; and to alleviate her sufferings, and render

life tolerable, she was sent by her parents to reside with a distant relation in the country.

Thus, in the bloom of life, this Unfortunate Daughter mourns; a sad victim of seduction, and a proof of the general impropriety of Modern Female Education.

EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

Accomplishments have taken virtue's place
And wisdom falls before exterior grace.
A just deportment, manners grac'd with ease,
Elegant phrase, and figure formed to please,
Are qualities that seem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend;
Hence an unfurnish'd and a listless mind;--
Though busy, trifling; empty, though refin'd.

COWPER.

IN contemplating the importance of education, and its influence on the present and future happiness of man, the mind is warmed with philanthropic enthusiasm. We behold the docile youth pass in review, with lively minds, which, like germinating plants, require the skill of the experienced to prune their luxuriance, and direct their growth. We behold their passions ready to rebel against the authority of their sovereign reason, which yet in its infancy is unable to restrain them, and looking to us for aid.

Their untaught and unsophisticated minds are like simple water, equally susceptible of the rich tincture of virtue, or the impregnation of vice. They seem to look up to us with an eye of supplication, and to cry emphatically—*Who will shew us any good?*—Who will direct us how we may become the ornaments, and not the disgrace, of our nature and our nation!

The youth of the higher and middle classes of society have a manifest advantage over those in a lower

station, yet it will be found, that in consequence of injudicious management, they derive little benefit from contingent circumstances. The indulgence of infantine caprice, so prevalent in this metropolis, is one great source of folly and vice. From a ridiculous affectation of tenderness, many mothers lay the foundation of the future obstinacy of their sons, by gratifying their childish passions. Such falsely good-natured beings will exclaim, "I cannot bear to make my child unhappy, even for a moment; poor fellow he will have trouble enough when he grows up—sorrow will come too soon." This absurd idea is very common among parents, who imagine their children will be taught the regulation of their passions by experience.

Boys are indulged, lest severe restrictions should break their spirit, and render them timid: hence they become assuming and impudent, and on their entrance into life are like a luxuriant tree, whose superabundance of branches and foliage prevents it from producing any good fruit, till the severe hand of experience lops its redundancies.

How irrational are those indulgent parent who permit their sons to attain maturity, with only a few fashionable accomplishments! They step into life with all their passions and desires in full vigour; where, impatient of contradiction, and unaccustomed to controul, they are often involved in embarrassments and quarrels. Inchanted by the smile of Pleasure, the giddy youth revels in her illicit enjoyments. Fascinated by public amusements, and misled by dissolute companions, he pursues the phantom of happiness without reflection

The stews, the gaming-table, and the tavern, co

sume his health and fortune; till ruined, emaciated, and forsaken, the wretch is left to pine in hopeless despondency; or, unable to meet his *naked heart alone*, he terminates his vain-glorious career by suicide! Such, alas! are too often the fruits of an improper or imperfect education.

Under the head "Manners of the Great," we have taken a cursory view of what is called a liberal education *; let us now investigate the mode of instruction usually pursued with children of the lower classes. The sons of tradesmen are generally taught a smattering of Latin, which they seldom find of any real utility during their progress through life, while their morals are overlooked, and the mind,

"Like a neglected forester, runs wild."

Still more objectionable is the present education of the children of mechanics. It being the principal object of the school-master to increase the number of his pupils, at the same time that he is disqualified for the important charge, both from his ignorance of human nature, and his imperfect knowledge of the elements of science.

We often hear parents complain that their children in a few months forget all they had learned at school; the fact is, they had learned nothing except a smattering of grammar and arithmetic; but the principles

* For a *Comparative Treatise* on this important subject, the reader is referred to what Dr. Barrow has modestly entitled, "An Essay on Education."

of these useful sciences had been impressed so feebly on their memories, that, like the visions of the night, they were forgotten with the return of more vivid objects. Many school-masters are shamefully negligent in the inculcation of the first principles of morality, and commonly leave that most important branch of instruction to the management of a vain and irreligious usher. Such are the most obvious defects in some of our seminaries; let us now suggest a few improvements.

Young clergymen would be the most proper instructors of youth. Being well taught themselves, and coming fresh from classic ground, with their faculties invigorated by polite learning, they are fully competent to the task of inculcating knowledge; and from their preparatory study of ethics, they are proper guardians of the morals of others.

Men of genius would find ample room for their active minds to expatiate, in tracing and aiding the developement of the human understanding. Nor will any man of sense object to the avocation, who will take the trouble to recollect that some illustrious writers presided over youth as masters and assistants in academies. Milton, Johnson, and Goldsmith, "*poured the fresh instruction o'er the mind;*" nor can we rationally consider that employment a degradation of talents, which contributes so essentarlly to the diffusion of knowledge.

When the pupil has been initiated in the elements of useful science, and while the susceptive heart throbs with generous feelings, the beauty of morality should be exhibited in the most engaging garb. The simple and sublime precepts of Christ will awaken that benevolence which is the source of human feli-

city on earth. The tutor will have an opportunity to contrast the fanciful doctrines of the heathen with the elevated and godlike dignity of Christianity, and the unerring precept, "whatsoever ye would that all men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," will, by making an early and permanent impression, guide the happy being in the path of justice.

Elegant literature, such as poetry, history, biography, geography, and natural philosophy, may then be studied with success. With a mind thus imbued with knowledge, the youth when he steps into the world will feel and act up to the dignity of a rational being; and like a column at once adorn and strengthen the fabric of society. He will perceive his dignified situation in the order of created beings, and rejoice in the honourable privileges of a man and a Christian.

This sketch is submitted to the consideration of the middle and lower classes of the community, whose very imperfect mode of education requires improvement, especially as many school-masters are incompetent to a trust on which so much of the happiness of the present and future generations depends! Happy, thrice happy, would London soon be, if those miserable children who are taught the arts of deceit and thievery, were now taught to read and write, and had their minds early fortified with pious precepts, to enable them to resist the influence of evil communications.

The human soul comes pure and innocent from the hand of the Creator; by its union with the body it acquires propensities which, under proper regulations, are productive of good; while its exquisite

susceptibility renders it liable to receive continual impressions from surrounding objects. Hence the vast importance of our infantine years, and the necessity of the early and gradual inculcation of the moral duties.

Parents, look around! behold the little blooming creatures whom Providence has committed to your charge. Ah, cultivate their hearts, rectify their judgments, and their grateful reverence will reward your love! Do not imagine that your duty to your offspring is confined to supplying them with mere necessaries. Those are, indeed, indispensible; but their minds require a more important kind of nutriment. Instil a reverence of the Supreme Being, and love of mankind, as the two great principles of human felicity. Teach them to regard the whole creation as the production of one great and good Being, whose wisdom is unbounded. As their faculties expand, let them be initiated in the principles of useful science, and taught some art conducive to the common good. Then shall your daughters be celebrated for their modesty and virtue, and your sons become honest, industrious, and intelligent men, the glory of their parents, and an honour to their country.

CLERGY.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.

COWPER.

LONG have the various opinions respecting religion, and the sanguinary persecutions of men who called themselves Christians, employed the sarcastic wit of unbelievers. The luxury, pride, and negligence, of many of our modern clergy, have induced malignant infidels to point their ridicule against the whole clerical body; and though it must be confessed that the dissipation of some pastors is a degradation of the robe they wear, we can boast of many clergymen of the different sects of Christians who are ornaments of human nature.

Several of our beneficed clergymen, indeed, by employing curates at a low salary, seem to think that their proxies are like the military, better disciplined, and more attentive to their duty, in proportion to the smallness of their pay. Hence the curate is so far from being prepared for his sabbatical avocation, that he is engaged during the week in some worldly pursuit, for the subsistence of his family; and instead of the zeal he should feel for the happiness of his flock, he too often attends on Sunday merely as a hireling, and with a mind preoccupied with business.

But if the Reverend Doctor himself condescends to preach, his parishioners must doubtless be much

edified. And so they would, did he not too often substitute affectation for simplicity, and a few sweet sounding aphorisms, equally refined and unintelligible, instead of the perspicuous and affecting doctrine of Christ.

Such pastors are well pourtrayed by the satirist in the following lines:

"The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry --- hem; and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work;
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!"

Yet even these fashionable and flimsy orators are pardonable, compared with the avaricious pluralist, who combines the deceit of the hypocrite with the covetousness of the miser, while his meanness reflects an odium on religion.

Some clergymen go still farther, and convert the sacred avocation into a sinecure. A recent instance, however, has occurred, in which this shameful omission has been punished: we are informed by the public papers that, at a late Summer assizes, held at Durham, the Rev. Mr. W——, vicar of that city, was fined ten pounds a month for non-residence during the nine preceding months; though he was proved to be actually building a house for the purpose of residence.

LAWYERS.

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONG the various sciences, jurisprudence is entitled to a conspicuous place. The complexity and fitness of the law to almost every case deserves the reverence of the public. By its subtlety, right and wrong can be separated out of the chaos in which they are involved beneath the wig of a serjeant, or in the still more intricate labyrinth of an attorney's brain; nay, by the power of eloquence, equity can be metamorphosed into injustice.

High-spirited people, instead of appealing to honest neighbours as arbitrators of a dispute, wisely seek redress from the civil law, which very civilly disburthens them of their superfluous cash, leaving them to enjoy the pleasing reflection, that they have effected the ruin of one another. This litigious disposition has been stigmatised by the name of *obstinacy;* but, if traced to its origin, it will be found to spring from benevolence! Let us only consider what a multitude of serjeants, counsellors, attornies, and their coadjutors the catch-poles, would be destitute of employment, did not their good-natured countrymen contribute to their support by law suits.

Pope says, "All discord's harmony;" and doubtless the apparent discord in our courts of justice is conducive to the social harmony and happiness of

numbers, whose time is occupied by the litigations of others. Indeed the patriotic exertions of our lawyers are wonderful. With what zeal do they espouse the cause of the client, not for the trifling customary fee, but a god-like love of justice! Our Court of Equity may be truly denominated the temple of Astrea, where the lawyers, like sacred priests, attend in solemn robes to dispense her blessings to the community. A foreigner, unacquainted with our laws, would feel the greatest veneration for those excellent men, whose deportment accords so well with their innate integrity; but how great would be his astonishment, when informed, that this respectable body was wholly supported by the folly and vices of their countrymen; and that the pride and phrensy which stimulates to litigation, enriched thousands of virtuous men, who were educated purposely to assist in the administration of justice*.

But as the most sacred institutions are not exempted from censure, it has been asserted that bribery misleads even some of these advocates of equity. History indeed affords a memorable instance of the fallibility of a great lawyer. Lord Bacon pleaded against the unfortunate Earl of Essex, who had formerly been his patron; and he was afterwards degraded from his exalted situation, in consequence of bribery and corruption.

Some attornies act in the double capacity of law-

* The number of the Courts of Justice in the metropolis amounts to 61; the Prisons 14; besides four Houses of Correction; and the number of persons employed in the different departments of the law is estimated at 7040.

yers and bankers. These ingenious gentlemen, reflecting that a man who is mad enough to go to law is incapable of managing his own affairs, on the successful issue of a suit, prudently lock up the money for the client's future use.

This excellent device is sometimes aided by coincident circumstances. A person employed his attorney to recover a debt, which the latter effected, and appropriated the money to his own use, amusing his client from time to time with promises that the affair should be brought to a favourable termination. Meanwhile the person died who had paid the debt, and the attorney now looked upon the cash as his own in reality! The papers of the deceased indeed discovered the fraud, but, in vain; for who would enter a suit against an attorney?

This solitary instance of ingenuity, however, is inapplicable to that respectable class at large; for is not the integrity of an attorney proverbial?

Superstition in religion has given place to that worst of mental diseases, *infidelity;* but the superstitions of law and physic yet maintain their ground. When will quackery in both, that so often deprive men of their lives and fortunes—when will these gigantic evils be removed from society? When mankind prefer temperance to excess, and exercise to indolence, health will be promoted. And when the natural beneficence of the human heart is directed by prudence, men will not involve their families and themselves in want and ruin by litigation.

QUACK DOCTORS.

Arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men:
Hear this and tremble, you who 'scape the laws.
POPE.

LET us now turn our attention to those wonder working men who profess the power of healing the sick, however inveterate the disease.

The first of these distinguished personages is Dr. Brodum, whose medicines have so long been the theme of paragraphists. This ingenious man is a German Jew*; he attended Dr. Bossy in quality of footman, when that beneficent sage came over to enlighten the eyes of the English, and with him made the tour of England. Having attained the knowledge of several medical terms, by being present at the lectures of his eloquent master, this enterprising little lacquey resolved to commence Doctor himself. We are not certain whether the love of gain, or a desire to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow creatures, first induced Dr. Brodum to give up the science of shaving, dressing a wig, and brushing a coat, for the more elegant art of prepa-

* It is to be regretted that so few authentic documents are to be found respecting this great man. Another account informs us, that he was the menial servant of Le Maitre, a French Quack. As Dr. Brodum, however, must be convinced that obscurity is one source of the sublime, he probably is willing to conceal his origin.

ring the *Nervous Cordial* and *Botanical Syrup*; two medicines which, from the Doctor's knowledge of the Linnæan system of botany, we may consider as grand restoratives of nature. Perhaps his medical skill was communicated in a vision by some *Demon* of the German *Illuminati*. But it is not improbable that the secret of preparing the above-mentioned medicines is hereditary in his family, as the Doctor himself seems to insinuate, when he tells us, in his "*Guide to Old Age*," that "there is no other person of the name of Brodum in England." Many are the different mediums by which wisdom can be imparted to others. Count Cagliostro may have bequeathed to the Doctor the secret of manufacturing his *Baume de Vie*; or, perhaps, the famous Count de St. Germain communicated his recipe for the preparation of his *Tea for prolonging Life*.

The talisman, however, which metamorphosed a lacquey into a physician was the diploma which the *benevolent* and *disinterested* professors in the Marischal College of Aberdeen sent to this enterprising foreigner. But whether that learned body accepted a pecuniary compensation of one pound thirteen shillings and three-pence three farthings sterling, as *Dr. Pangloss* says they did from him; or whether the little German was liberal enough to send them a larger sum, is only known to the parties concerned.

Having travelled through different parts of England like a public benefactor, generously dispensing medicines for a small compensation, the Doctor at length resolved to become a resident in this metropolis.

That merit such as his should go unrewarded, would have been an extraordinary instance of negligence in the English nation. A man who raised himself from the humble situation of a menial servant to the honourable avocation of working miracles; and who has been the author of a work, which he says has already passed through upwards of fifty editions, must be a most wonderful being.

The Guide to Old Age is, like Solomon's Guide to Health, embellished with a portrait of the author, so that the happy convalescent may contemplate the benign lineaments of his benefactor. Indeed, if viewed with the scrutinising eye of a physiognomist, it might be found that Dr. B.'s portrait presented *traits* of *servility* and *cunning* unworthy of the countenance of a philosopher.

When we reflect, however, on the national benefit of universal health bestowed by those retailers of *sanity, or miracle-mongers*, we must rejoice in the idea that agriculture, manufactures, and every art and science may now be pursued without the interruption of sickness. Public spirited men, like our *advertising physicians*, have a claim on the national gratitude, and are justly entitled to civic honours. If a Roman who saved the life of a citizen was considered as a benefactor to the state, how much more should such men as Drs. Brodum and Solomon, who have, as they inform us, healed thousands, be rewarded and honoured? Would it not be worthy of British generosity to open a public subscription for the purpose of erecting statues of these *good men*. The statues might be placed as ornaments to the front of Newgate, one on the right side, and the other on the left of that awful spot,

whence so many youthful heroes take flight to the world unknown. The victim of vice, whom the laws of his country had doomed to an untimely grave, might then point to the statues, and moralize with his last breath, on the beneficial effect of *nostrums*, while he acknowledged, that the promise of renovated health had induced him to continue his *career of depravity*, and to wander through the haunts of impurity and disease, till excess, like flame to the oil, *exhausted his constitution*, and pernicious habits drove him to an open violation of the laws of that society which had cast him off *like a detested sin!*

From the above biographical sketch of the late Doctor Brodum* and his successful practice of *imposition*, or the *medical art*, which are generally speaking synonimous terms, the reader will probably smile at the folly and credulity of those individuals who encourage Quacks. But, alas! the temporary splendour of this great man, like the brilliant career of a comet, has been short and destructive! How must the admirers of empiricism grieve when they are informed that the illustrious Brodum as a proof of his gratitude, has retired to his native land, leaving poor John Bull a prey to the diseases which were so efficaciously removed by his wonderful *Botanical Syrup*.

The departure of Dr. Brodum has been mentioned in some of the newspapers, the editors of which with their characteristic fidelity and gratitude have held up their former benefactor to public derision. "Brodum, the Dane," says one of those chronicles of

* This Quack having retired, may be considered *defunct* both as a doctor and an impostor.

the times, " born in the happy Island of Funen, as soon as he saw in vision the diseases of England, he dropped the mallet and the spade. He left his Scandinavian and Visigothick kindred, and hastened to our relief. No diploma did he bring from Jutland, resolving generously to buy his degree in the country which was to yield him bread. He did more, for when he transmitted *ten pounds* to Aberdeen, he paid the postage of his letter.

" After a few years, during which his equipage has dazzled and gladdened the metropolis, he has been enabled to retire with splendid ease. Funen henceforth, as well as Delos and Tenedos, shall be a seat of Apollo, and future *Vandals* shall follow the steps of Brodum!"

Dr. Solomon, of Liverpool, like his late competitor for public patronage, is a Jew, an empiric, and an author. From the most authentic documents, we learn, that Dr. Solomon, when a Jew-boy, hawked blacking-ball at Newcastle on Tyne; consequently, he must have been endowed with a most aspiring genius, for it appears from his advertisement of an *Abstergent Lotion*, that he has turned his attention from blacking the boots of the gentlemen, to varnishing the faces of the ladies. He has dignified his residence in Liverpool with the name of Solomon's Place, though some discerning individuals, who wish to see merit like his duly exalted, contend, that the PILLORY is Solomon's Place, an elevation to which he is justly entitled by his various labours for the public weal.

His pamphlet, entitled, *A Guide to Health*, is manifestly written to promote the sale of his nostrum; for like the miserable production of the Ger-

man Quack, there are no medical precepts in the volume that can be of the smallest utility.

After the introduction, the reader is presented with an advertisement, which informs him, that "the Guide to Health has been pirated, and many spurious copies are in circulation." Most people who are endowed with common sense, will readily agree with the Doctor, that *all* the copies they have ever seen of the *Guide to Health*, were not only *spurious*, but pernicious both to health and morals. Information still more valuable, especially to *the credulous*, is communicated by the latter part of this curious advertisement, where the Doctor tells us, that "the public may be assured they are attempted to be imposed upon!" a confession which proves that Dr. Solomon is a *conscientious man!* Probably he apprehended *approaching dissolution*, when he honestly made this public avowal of imposition. But be that as it may, every sensible man will *cordially* coincide with Dr. Solomon, that the various attempts made by *Quack Doctors* to defraud the public are but too often successful.

Cavillers may say the Doctor's pretension to a new discovery in medicine is only a revival of the chimerical experiments of former deluded alchymists; but, from his general professions of benevolence, it must be evident, that he not only means well, but is convinced of the efficacy of his *Anti-Impetigines*. This hard name reminds us of the observations of a Spanish satirist on Quack medicines: —"To hear Quacks call over their *simples*," says he, "would make you swear they were raising so many devils; such as Opopanax, Buphthalmas, Alectorolophos, Ophioscorodon, and a great many

more. And by all this formidable bombast is meant nothing in the world but a few simple roots, such as carrots, turnips, radishes, and the like. But they keep the old proverb in remembrance—*he that knows thee will never buy thee:* and, therefore, every thing must be made a mystery, to hold the public in ignorance."

It has already been mentioned, that the Doctor has adorned his elegant treatise with his portrait. Besides this embellishment he has favoured the public with an engraving of his mansion in Liverpool. Hence the happy *few* who have been so fortunate as to outlive the effects of his Cordial Balm may view the residence of their benefactor. A scale is annexed, by which it appears, that the body of this *consecrated tenement* is seventy feet long; and undoubtedly, were the philanthropic proprietor exalted according to his merit, he would be placed by public justice in a situation as eminent and conspicuous as *that which conferred immortality on* HAMAN.

It is to be regretted that his Majesty's Attorney General is not informed of such publications as Dr. Brodum's *Guide to old Age*, and Dr. Solomon's *Guide to Health*. Perhaps the moment is approaching when he may take cognizance of this *moral essay**, and there can be little doubt that the sage

* Brodum's dull and obscene pamphlet will no longer insult the public eye; and perhaps the *reverend* publisher of Solomon's still more indecent and vulgar production, will either from motives of shame or prudence discontinue to circulate a book which is a disgrace to the English press.

and beneficent authors will be amply rewarded. Whoever publishes an obscene pamphlet is liable to fine, imprisonment, and the pillory. How much greater then should the *reward* be of such as endeavoured to poison the health and morals of a people, by the propagation of a falsehood and imposture? In this light the Attorney-General may think proper to recommend a trip to Botany Bay, to the beneficent Doctors.

On the other hand it may be asserted, that a Doctor of such transcendent skill could not be spared out of England. But, as cavillers have often complained that our *advertising physicians* accept a pecuniary compensation for their public services, this might be obviated by placing them in some receptacle appropriated to the improvement of public morals, in *Bridewell* for instance. There they would have the pleasure of meeting several of their former patients, not only restored to health, but employed in preparing hemp for the benefit of the community.

In this school of morality and physic, Dr. Solomon, Mr. Perkins, Dr. Senate, Dr. Gardner, and several other benign sages, might prepare and dispense their medicines gratis, and this mode of exercising their skill would effectually silence their calumniators. Among many improvements of this enlightened age, we might then boast of having converted an *English House of Correction* into what it was originally designed to be—*A Temple of Health and Morality;* and advertising physicians would soon cease to impose upon the credulous part of the community.

Dr. Senate, like a benevolent philosopher, has

endeavoured to remedy the waste occasioned by the sword, by *Lozenges of Steel*, which will render even sterility itself prolific. This metal has ever been either an excellent friend or formidable enemy to the human race, according to the use to which it was applied. The poet says,

" What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like man, submit to fate;
Steel could the labours of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground;
What wonder then, fair dame, thy health should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisting steel!

Indeed there is the greatest probability, that such ladies as are rash enough to swallow the *metalline tonic* of Dr. S. will have too much reason to agree with the poet.

Next to the physicians who have recommended internal medicines to the public, may be mentioned those eminent surgeons who have distinguished themselves by professing to cure external ailments.

The most remarkable of these is Mr. B. D. Perkins, whose far famed tractors have dispensed health in both hemispheres. So just is the eulogium of the Poet—

" Arm'd with twin skewers, see Perkins by main force
Drag the foul fiend from Christian and from horse!"

In the preface of a pamphlet, entitled " The Influence of the Metallic Tractors on the Human Body," we are informed, that " the writer has

crossed the Atlantic and become a resident in London*, that he may devote his time and attention to the diffusion of this important discovery, and its application to the relief of the miseries of mankind."

Excellent and philanthropic young man; disinterested son of a generous father; thou hast ventured thy life over the innumerable waves of the vast western ocean, and hastened on the wings of Zephyrus, with *healing in thy Tractors*, to remove disease from Britain. What reward can be adequate to thy services! If the small remuneration of five guineas a *brace* be an insufficient compensation, thou mayest, *O friend Perkins*, receive the more glorious recompence of academic honours, which the professors of the liberal sciences in Aberdeen are so willing to bestow *gratuitously*, on merit. But perhaps, friend, the price of a few sets of thy Tractors might accelerate this desirable event; and it is not improbable that, instead of a personal examination, the sage professors would be content with examining the *bank-notes* inclosed in thy letter.

Although Mr. P. has obtained a patent, he observes, that it is not his intention to withhold the advantages of the discovery from the public, who may be supplied with his curious instruments for the moderate price of *five guineas a set*, which he considers as a *trifle!*

Mr. Perkins imports his Tractors from America in parcels of two hundred sets, valued by him at

* Dr. Johnson calls London "the needy villain's general home."

one thousand guineas! Suppose this miraculous philosopher should dispose of only the above mentioned number every week; on an average we should exchange fifty-two thousand guineas annually for *base metal*. O! Englishmen, how long will you suffer yourselves to be imposed on by the artifice of empirics! How long will you, the most wealthy and sensible people on earth, permit Quack Doctors to prey upon the fruits of your industry!

Among the various philanthropic institutions of which this renowned metropolis can boast, the Perkinean society is the most wonderful. Other medical practitioners are content to assist nature by the usual mode of administering remedies; but the disciples of the Metallic practice are content with nothing less than working miracles.

All the ridiculous monkish superstition of the days of yore bids fair for a revival, under the auspices of the Perkinean Society, and we may soon expect to behold Benjamin Perkins, Squire Grimstone, and Co. forming a procession through the streets; and, by the astonishing virtues of two bits of metal, restoring the blind to sight, the lame to activity; nay, for aught we know, turning *resurrection-men*, and raising the dead. This last effort of their miraculous powers, however, might be attended with several unpleasant circumstances, both social and political.

Heirs, now in possession of the estates of their deceased parents, would become disinherited—the resurrection of millions, who are not *dead but sleep* beneath the surface of the earth, would produce famine; and, as there can be no possibility of death,

when the Perkinean system of medicine is established, the unfortunate beings restored to life must of course turn depredators on the property of others.

From this view of things, the MIRACULOUS PERKINEAN SOCIETY may be deterred from raising the dead; but they will undoubtedly run the risk of doing more harm than good, by healing the diseased. For instance, a numerous tribe of lame, blind, and maimed, who inhabit the *rich* and *perfumed* chambers of ST. GILES'S, would be deprived of their present mode of subsistence by a restoration to health. Methinks I hear the lazy beggars exclaim, "d—n the Tractors, they'll be the ruin of our trade; nobody will give us any thing when we are restored to health, and we shall be obliged to work." "No," exclaims one of the fraternity, "if the Tractors can set me upon my legs again, I shall levy contributions upon the highway, before I submit to the *drudgery* of *earning* a livelihood!"

Very much to the honour of the clerical body, there are not wanting a number of *reverend abettors* of Mr. P.'s philosophy. Indeed, had the patentee lived in a superstitious age, he would probably either have been *burned as a magician*, or *worshipped* as a legitimate descendant of Esculapius himself! Even in this age of reason, when water-closets are constructed on mathematical principles, we find that excellent man, the Rev. Dr. T. *trotting* or *scampering* about from house to house, and working miracles on the burnt hands of our *silly women* with the *Tractors*.—*O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!* that a man, whose avocation should be the dispensing of the bread of life to a Christian household, should spend his time in applying *two skewers* to the *infla-*

med and *inflaming* eyes, bosoms, and hands of the fair sex! Certainly this poor man, like the sapient Lord R——, is under the influence of Mr. Perkins's American familiar demon, which probably was first conjured up from the abyss of the Atlantic ocean by the incantations of Dr. Franklin.

Nor is poor Dr. Trotter the only reverend man who suffers by the morbific influence of this delusion, the Rev. Mr. Nichol, and several others who *profess* the knowledge of the truth, have become so much infatuated as to "speak smooth things and prophesy deceits," respecting the virtue of American brass and iron. Is there not some reason to suspect that this shocking deception is occasioned by a mental disease, and that the *love of Mammon* has instigated these fanatics to perambulate like sorcerers, *exorcising* the demons of gout, rheumatism, nay, even the god of fire, in the name of Dr. Perkins!

Mr. P. confines the magical influence of his Tractors to the cure of *topical diseases;* but has he tried their efficacy in cases of internal complaint? Perhaps these admirable bits of metal might, by timely application, reduce the *tympany*, a disease to which our *female philosophers* are particularly subject. During his operation on the fair patient, Mr. P. might be able to discover by his *olfactory nerves*, whether the disease was occasioned by flatulency, or proceeded from some indigestible substance.

This humane and disinterested young man has published a second pamphlet, in which "the fallacious attempt of Dr. Haygarth to detract from the merits of the Tractors, are detected and fully confuted." This elegant and elaborate treatise, however, is severely criticised by the Monthly Reviewers,

who, contrary to the laws of hospitality, and not having *the fear of the Metallic Tractors before their eyes*, appear determined to expose Mr. Perkins's deceptions. How unpolite! would it not have been more liberal in these critics to have exclaimed, with my uncle Toby, "Go, poor devil, there is room enough in the world for us and thee; practise your impositions as long as you find people credulous enough to be duped by your assertions and the letters of hypocrites."

It is true many credulous and foolish people in this country, especially in the metropolis, are very opulent, and often imagine themselves indisposed when only labouring under the torpor of indolence. Such beings will purchase any nostrum, however ridiculous, and their imagination being roused and amused by making experiments, the animal spirits acquire a greater degree of activity, and the doltish individual fancies himself restored to a lively state of health by such a ridiculous operation as rubbing the points of two iron skewers along his *epidermis!*

Some metals, if they cannot relieve pain, certainly communicate pleasure by contact. This is experienced in the agreeable sensations felt by the nerves when one receives a purse of gold. Doubtless the *pure palm* of Mr. Perkins has often itched for money, or he would never have ventured so far to impose upon credulous Englishmen, and barter his brass and iron for our guineas. Indeed, if Doctor Solomon continues to dissolve our gold into Cordial Balm, and Mr. Perkins sends such vast quantities of it to America, that article will soon become so scarce, that we shall not have one guinea to rub upon another!

Although the Monthly Reviewers had given their decision against Perkins's Tractors, he very sagaciously contrived to have a number of his bills sewed in with the cover of that publication, concluding that the public would think he had the sanction of the editor. The fact is, the editor knew nothing of the transaction, and the *spirited* and *unbiassed* critics who support that elegant Review, have since published their approbation of Dr. Haygarth's essay, and their decisive censure of Mr. Perkins's feeble attempt to refute the Doctor's reasoning *.

And now, courteous reader, as we have investigated the claims, and exposed the fallacy, of the *principal empirics who have infested England*, little remains to be said on this subject. It is true there are several other *miracle-mongers* of inferior note; such as the vender of Leake's patent pills; the fabricator of the *magical anodyne* necklace; several *vegetable cordials* and *syrups*; Dr. Barton's *vital wine*, and that still more *volatile cordial oxygen gas*. But these, as well as Dr. Squirrel's tonic drops and powders, are too insignificant to require animadversion. Let us now compare the impostors of the present day with those who flourished, like *rank* and *obscene* weeds, in this capital a few years ago. The comparison will demonstrate the superior genius of former empirics over our contemporaries.

The first of those *departed philosophers* who once

* See Monthly Review for August 1801, in which the absurdity of resorting to such *wretched palliatives* as two bits of metal, is exposed with that peculiar pleasantry, and happy vein of humour, for which the Reviewers are so remarkable.

came to London with promises of perpetual health and pleasure, was the famous Doctor Graham, a Quack, whose vivacity and enterprising genius excelled Dr. Solomon and Co *.

* Whoever will compare the following advertisement of Dr. G. with the *dull egotism* that prevails in the puffs of our modern Quacks, will be convinced of the superiority of the former, which, however extravagant, is entertaining.

TEMPLE OF HEALTH, ADELPHI.

To their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors, to the Nobility, and Gentry, and to Persons of Learning and Taste.

This and To morrow Evening, exactly at Eight o'Clock.

The Celestial Brilliancy of the Medico-electrical apparatus of the Temple will be exhibited by DR. GRAHAM himself, who will have the honour of explaining the true nature and effects of electricity, air, music, and magnetism, when applied to the human body.

In the introductory oration, the whole art of enjoying health and vigour of body and mind, and of preserving and exalting personal beauty and loveliness; or, in other words, of living with health and happiness in this world, for at least an hundred years, is pointed out and warmly inculated.

Previous to the display of the electrical fire, the Doctor will delicately touch upon the Celestial Beds, which are soon to be opened in the Temple of Hymen, in Pall-Mall, for the propagating of Beings rational, and far stronger and more beautiful in mental as well as in bodily endowments, than the present puny, feeble, and nonsensical race of probationary mortals, which crawl, and fret, and politely play at cutting one another's throats for nothing at all, on this terraqueous globe.

Graham spoke with decision, and promised his dupes that they should "live with health, honour, and happiness in this world at least one hundred years." Yet, poor man, he died of a *premature old age* in Edinburgh, and his dissolution was accelerated by intemperance. Our modern quacks are too cunning to mention any particular period of longevity, lest their pretensions should be compared with those of former deceivers. Even as literary candidates, the performances of Dr. S. and Mr. P. will shrink into insignificance when contrasted with the energy which animates Dr. Graham's advertisements; and he informs us, that his pamphlet "run through three large editions in one week;" a sale unequalled by the pretended extensive circulation mentioned by Dr. Solomon in his newspaper puffs.

A Mr. Lattese evinced wonderful superiority of skill to that of Dr. Senate. The latter, indeed, by the aid of his martial lozenges, proposes to *confer fecundity;* but Mr. Lattese in his researches discovered a secret by which parents, who were desirous of an heir male, "*should positively have a boy!*"—Could Dr. Senate perform such a miracle, there is little doubt that, like the Spartans of ancient Greece, we should soon be the most warlike people in modern Europe. Heroes, whose origin was derived from steel, would certainly be invincible, and adorn their

This apparatus, which visibly displays, as it were, the various faculties of the material soul of universal and eternal nature, is acknowledged by all, who have seen it, to be by far the largest, most useful, and most magnificent that now *is*, or that ever was in the world.

native land with military glory. But should the Doctor's lozenges inspire children of both sexes with *martial* ardour, we might dread the revival of Amazonian valour, and all the concomitant horrors of *intestine commotion*.

Another empiric who flourished in this capital a few years since, was much superior to Mr. Perkins in the cure of *topical diseases*. This philosopher, the sapient Mr. Buzaglo, for "*a trifling expence*," cured the gout, rheumatism, &c. "though of ever so long standing, in the space of an hour, and restored within a few days, *wasted calves* to their former state of fulness of flesh." He also informed the public that "patients might agree for a *perfect cure, or by the month, by the year, or for life*." How accommodating was this beneficent physician! Were Mr. Perkins to make similar proposals, what opulent patient would scruple to give him five guineas for a pair of skewers! It is much to be regretted that Buzaglo was not more liberally rewarded, as, in consequence of neglect, his inestimable secret is lost to the community. Might not a similar misfortune happen to poor Mr. P. if the public should withdraw its patronage?

We shall conclude this article with an account of a few experiments made with the most popular quack medicines; observations on the general, *moral*, and *physical* effects of a belief in the efficacy of nostrums; and a few hints submitted to the consideration of valetudinarians.

The following account of the effects of Quack medicines administered by a respectable farmer, will illustrate their general utility.

Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, a rich farmer, of Avondale, near Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, is one of those queer fellows who examine every novel improvement before they give it their sanction. With the greatest good nature imaginable, this singular *true born Englishman* is rather incredulous respecting the efficacy of nostrums; the excellent moral effects of the new philosophy; the equality of the sexes; and similar paradoxes, which engage the attention of the learned and ingenious in this enlightened age.

Possessing a sound constitution, in consequence of a life of temperance, Mr. W. is particularly incredulous with regard to human skill in the prevention and cure of disease. Indeed his aversion to the tribe of Esculapius in general is so great, that he often repeats the sentiment of Dryden, "God never *made* his work for man to *mend*," which he considers as an axiom. When slightly indisposed, a friend advised him to take medicine, but the farmer with a sarcastic smile replied, "throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it." He has more respect for chirurgical skill; for, as he justly observes, "a man who can bind up a fracture or dress a wound is of real utility, while a physician who prescribes from his observation, may sometimes aid, but will be more liable to obstruct the operations of nature.

This rural philosopher, finding that several of his neighbours were under the influence of credulity, and that some of them had even gone so far as to *purchase patent medicines*, resolved to undeceive them if possible. For this purpose he collected a quantity of the most celebrated nostrums, and con-

vened the villagers on a bowling-green in front of his mansion, where he produced his medicines, and ordered his servants to bring forward the patients on whom the experiments were to be tried.

An unfortunate *ass* was first produced, to the no small amusement of the villagers, but farmer Wilkinson requested them to be attentive. "You do not know," said he, "how much your own health depends on the success of my experiments this day." Saying this, he approached with great gravity, and administered a whole bottle of *a certain vegetable syrup* to the poor quadruped, which, on swallowing the dose, brayed most horribly. The victim of quackery then *fell down in a fit*, from which he was roused by throwing a pail-full of water in his face; but had it not been for an emollient drench administered by a skilful farrier, the animal would certainly have expired under the operation of the nostrum.

The villagers were amazed, and looked with horror on the ass as he was led away to the stall. An old woman, however, who was as remarkable for her *eloquence* as her *obstinacy*, very judiciously observed, that "the farmer had not given the medicine a fair trial, for that only a few *tea-spoonfuls* should have been administered at once." The young people laughed at the idea of an ass being drenched with a tea-spoon; but Mr. Wilkinson declared, that he thought *Dame Crabtree* might be in the right; "you shall have a whole bottle of the Nervous Cordial," said he, "if you will consent to take a dose of it every evening, and I have no doubt that in a short time you will be cured of your propensity to scandal and scolding."—"No, thank ye," replied she, "you

are very kind indeed; so you want to poison me as well as the poor ass, do you?"

A bottle of Doctor Solomon's Anti-Impetigines was then uncorked, and a *hog* brought forward as the patient on whom its benign effects were to be tried. The animal yelled most hideously while the medicine was poured down its throat, and afterwards ran about as if mad, endeavouring to bite every thing within its reach. The women shrieked and took to their heels, but the men compelled the *swinish patient* to retire to the middle of the circle, which they formed round it, and in a few minutes it lay down and continued to *grunt most piteously* till it fell fast asleep.—"There's the blessed effect of nostrums for you, my friends," cried Wilkinson, with an air of triumph, "I thought I should be able to expose imposture."

While the people were employed in making philosophical reflections on the *medicated hog*, a *cat* was produced, and in spite of all her mewing and scratching, she was compelled to swallow one of Dr. Senate's *Lozenges of Steel*. To describe the convolutions and contortions of *poor puss* would be impossible; no squirrel or monkey in a chain ever exhibited such a variety of postures, while her mewings expressed the pain which her bowels endured. A *salutary evacuation* afforded her relief, and the women whispered among themselves, that no *consideration* should induce them to suffer such agonies.

The last experiment was made with *Perkins's Metallic Tractors*, a set of which had been purchased by Mr. W. in order to convince his neighbours of their *inefficacy*. He had received these wonderful

instruments a few days before, and desired the village blacksmith to make him half a dozen iron skewers of the same size. An old kitchen poker was by the force of fire, and the skill of the artist, transformed into a number of skewers, which, though not so well polished as the *Metallic Tractors*, were equally valuable in the estimation of the farmer. He first inquired whether any person present was afflicted with aches or pains. Dame Thomson came forward and declared that she felt a slight rheumatic pain in one of her arms. "O, we'll soon remove that," cried the farmer; "here are a pair of the famous Metallic Tractors that you have so often heard of, they cure *all pains*." Saying this he applied the home-made skewers, and the woman, with apparent pleasure, exclaimed, "I protest, dear Sir, you have cured me already, my arm is quite well again!"

Wilkinson suppressed a laugh, and ordered his *house-dog* to be brought forward. Poor Pompey came, and the farmer desired one of his servants to sear the animal's foot slightly, that he might prove the efficacy of the Tractors in curing a burn. He then applied the *genuine American metal* to the burnt part, in presence of all his neighbours, but notwithstanding the various geometrical figures which he drew upon the spot, Pompey continued to yelp and wail, and when let loose limped away to his kennel.

The farmer then addressed the people;—"You have this day," said he, "discovered the inefficacy of patent and quack medicines, let me never again hear any of you extol such ridiculous palliatives, which seem to mock pain and disease instead of giving relief. As for the miracle performed on the

arm of Dame Thomson, it was effected by part of my old kitchen poker, which *Ben Perkins*, our blacksmith, took to the smithy yesterday and hammered into skewers." While he spoke, poor Mrs. Thomson, who had *only imagined* she was cured, felt a sudden tingling in her arm, and went home to wrap it up in flannel, while the rest of the villagers retired with a thorough conviction that the cures said to be performed by nostrums were imaginary, and that such preparations were only invented by fraudulent Quacks, for the purpose of profiting by the credulity of mankind.

But the prejudice of an illiterate and unbred farmer can have little influence upon the enlightened and philosophic part of the community, who have long been advocates for wonderful discoveries, miracles performed by *oxygen gas*, and the gradual progress of corporeal and mental *perfectibility*.

It is to be regretted, however, that empirical physicians continue detached, nay even averse from each other, when they might, by a combination of their talents, contribute to the edification of the public.

An emperor among the ancients offered a reward to whoever could invent a new amusement, and in this age of refinement, we daily see the discoveries of genius liberally patronized by the community. Let our Quack Doctors then *coalesce*, and profit by the universal passion for *something new*.

Under the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain, a most amusing dramatic entertainment might be performed, under the denomination of *The Grand Pantomimic-farcical-tragi-comical Drama*. Let our most celebrated medical operators, Drs. Solomon, Senate, and Gardner, together with that *matchless sur-*

geon Mr. Perkins, coalesce in *one firm* for the miraculous cure of all diseases incident to man.

Their theatre might be a temporary structure of wood, emblematic of the transitory nature of all earthly blessings. Before the curtain drew up, a number of swine, cats, parrots, peacocks, and owls, might, by the "*concord of sweet sounds*," harmonize the minds of the audience. The first scene might exhibit a number of old men and women hobbling in on crutches, and *groaning*, to the great delight of the hearers, while Mr. Perkins, like a kind magician, came forward, and by touching the *old women* with his talismanic Tractors, they should appear suddenly restored to health and ease. Meanwhile Gardner, like Jupiter Tonans, might, by the force of his electric fire, expel the demon of pain from the distorted limbs of the old men. Thus perfectly cured, as if by miracle, the happy assemblage might *dance* in a circle round the two philosophers, and afterwards march off the stage with acclamations of joy.

The next scene might exhibit Mr. S——, busily ployed in preparing his botanical cordials and vegetable syrups by an intermixture of different oils and simples, from jars, gallipots and bottles, while his great colleague, Dr. Solomon, appeared on the opposite side of the stage, ardently engaged in bottling his Cordial Balm of Gilead and Anti-Impetigines. In a short dialogue these sages might exhort each other to persevere in deceiving the credulous, by selling a few intermingled simples as efficacious specifics.

On the arrival of several patients being announced the scene should change to a spacious apartment.

Here a multitude of young and old, of both sexes, might appear *in masquerade*, exhibiting the most cadaverous and emaciated visages imaginable. On the entrance of the two sages, as they are both remarkable for *the modesty of their proposals and the elegance of their manners*, they might, in a low voice, inquire into the nature of each particular case. Indeed this would afford an excellent opportunity for pantomimic gesticulation, as the patients might give an affecting idea of their tortures, by the distortions of their limbs, accompanied with shrieks and groans.

After this ceremony, on a bell being rung, two servants might enter with the celebrated *nostrums*. While Mr. S. administered his restorative *Syrup*; Dr. Solomon might also *pour out the vial* of his *Anti-Impetigines*, or his *Balm*, as each particular case should require. An instantaneous cure, as if by miracle, should succeed this operation, which might be very naturally represented by the masks falling off, while the real faces presented the bloom of health, and the freshness and lustre of youthful vigour, to the admiring eyes of the astonished spectators.

The happy train thus miraculously healed, might express their gratitude to their benefactors in a song. In order to render the *stage-effect* more *impressive*, the *other three* beneficent sages might enter and join their venerable brethren, while the whole posse of inferior venders of specifics and panaceas should appear, forming a magnificent procession. When the whole assemblage of *miracle mongers* were collected in the middle of the stage, JUSTICE might be represented as descending from heaven, and by one touch of her fiery sword the ground should open beneath the feet of the

beneficent advertising physicians and their satellites, while they sunk to *Erebus profound*, and a vast volume of sulphurous flame issued from the Tartarean abyss, similar to the catastrophe of *Abomelique*, in *Blue Beard*, or *Female Curiosity*.

We talk of the morality of tragedy, but this *pantomime* would be more instructive than any other species of public amusement. What could be more interesting than first to behold so many wretches relieved from the torture of disease and restored to health and beauty! The man of pleasure might retire from the scene with a determination to indulge in his habitual voluptuousness, while such effectual restoratives could be purchased to renovate his animal spirits; and the public in general might evince a generous contempt for temperance and virtue, while health, happiness, and immortality could be conferred by the skilful hand of *the empiric*.

So great has been the difference of opinion respecting Quack Doctors, that while some persons have extolled them as demi-gods, others have depreciated them as miscreants; but from the foregoing sketch, is it not evident that such philosophers are an honour to human nature? Cynical beings may stigmatize our advertising physicians with the opprobrious appellation of impostors, but the good-natured part of the community prove, by the avidity with which they purchase nostrums, that such aspersions are misapplied.

Seldom, indeed, have such extraordinary instances of philanthropy appeared as the present age can boast. We may talk of Howard visiting lazarettos, and descending to dungeons, like an angel of consolation, endeavouring to mitigate human misery

we may extol the sublime charity of that excellent man whose purse was ever open to relieve the necessitous; nay, we may aver that Dr. Mead voluntarily went to Madrid, and ventured his life to assist in curing the plague in that city. These were divine men, it is true, but if we compare the enterprize and philanthropy of Mr. S. or Mr. P. with them, is not the superiority of our contemporaries manifest?

Does not the philanthropic Mr. — devote his whole time and attention to the cultivation of simples and the *manufacture* of cordials and vegetable syrups to invigorate the constitution of John Bull? Did not the magnanimous Mr. Perkins, in open defiance of the winds and waves, traverse the vast Atlantic Ocean, to work miracles in this favoured isle? and, for aught we know to the contrary, did not Dr. Solomon, like a witch on a broomstick, take his flight on the back of Mahomet's dove to Mecca, thence to Mount Gilead, and home again to Liverpool, loaded like the bee, with his precious *Balm*, and still more costly Anti-Impetigines? Admirable men! who to all these toils have superadded the anxiety inseparably connected with the *love of money*, which is the *root of a greater evil* than the scrofula itself, that incurable disease—*remorseless avarice!* Doctor Solomon, indeed, has not obtained equal celebrity with the two benign foreigners, but he may justly be classed with the celebrated physicians, Rock and Graham. The admirable Doctor Senate is, from the powers of his *prolific genius*, entitled to rank with *Doctor Faustus himself*.

But while numbers are ready to acknowledge the utility of Quackery, which in many instances may be said to cut off the useless members of society, as a

skilful botanist lops his trees, there are others who proudly claim the privilege of thinking for themselves; and, from a seeming love of contradiction, condemn the whole host of empirics. One of these censors, who has written on the subject of specifics, says, "that an universal remedy, or one that possesses healing powers for the cure of all diseases, is in fact a non-entity, the existence of which is physically impossible, as the mere idea of it involves a direct contradiction. How, for instance, can it be conceived that the same remedy should be capable of restoring the tone of the fibres when they are relaxed, and also have the power of relaxing them when they are too rigid.

"Indeed the belief in an universal remedy appears to lose ground every day, though the lower and less enlightened classes of the community are still imposed upon by a set of privileged impostors, who frequently puzzle the intelligent reader to decide, whether the boldness or the industry with which they endeavour to establish the reputation of their respective poisons, be the most prominent feature in their character."*

Sometimes an apparent cure by a quack medicine is productive of a more painful disease. Thus, an ulcer healed may be only the closing of the orifice, while the morbid matter, by taking another course, may form an incurable imposthume. A celebrated

* In a single list of patent medicines there are nearly *three hundred* enumerated for the cure of different diseases! and the vender says, that to prevent the dangerous consequences that frequently result from counterfeit medicines was the *motive* that first induced him to open his warehouse—beneficent man!

quack-salver in this metropolis, recently sent a patient to the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," by healing an ulcer in his leg. In a few weeks the empiric was met by the widow, who returned him her thanks for the favour, by saying, "God bless you, Sir, you cured my husband, but he died in three weeks afterwards." Such is the safety and benefit of tampering with medicine.

Empirics are permitted by the laws to practise with impunity. Our ancestors, indeed, who prevented, or rather repelled disease by a life of temperance, never conceived that any human being could be so depraved as to defraud another of his money and his life, under the pretext of alleviating pain and restoring health. A still more powerful protection to impostors is derived from the tax paid by them to the State for advertisements and patents. But even in France, Mesmer's fraudulent pretences were discovered and punished; why then should similar impositions be pursued in this capital with impunity? Is the paltry sum obtained by a duty on patent medicines to be put in the balance in opposition to the health of a *single individual?* No. Were some public-spirited member of the legislature to bring in a bill for the suppression of this iniquitous *branch of trade*, he would be the preserver of many wretched beings, who in the moment of pain are glad to seek relief from nostrums, "as drowning men catch at straws." Alas! what numbers of infatuated mortals swallow the deleterious preparations of the Quack, and sink under the combined pressure of disease and medicine; who, had they been left to the simple efforts of nature, would have recovered, and lived

healthy and happy for many years! What an afflicting thought! and who, that has a heart to feel, would not endeavour to prevent the farther progress of *empirical homicide*.

Dissolute young men are induced to continue in the practice of their pernicious habits of wantonness and excess, from the mistaken idea that a nostrum will operate as an effectual restorative. Young girls are also permitted to indulge in the use of confections, which, from their heating nature, and the superabundance of nutriment they supply, generate disease. Health and beauty are at once injured, and licentious desires kindled, so that both in a moral and physical sense, children should be prevented from an indulgence in luxuries. The blessings of temperance, a healthy body and serene mind, will give a richer zest to the bounties of Divine Providence; and the predominance of intellectual over sensual pleasure, will exalt the happy individual in the rank of rational and thinking beings! One truth must excite some degree of alarm in the heart of the epicure. It is well known that substances in themselves salutary may, when intermingled with others, become rank poison. Hence the fatal effects of eating a variety of viands, or mingling liquids of an heterogeneous nature, has doubtless precipitated myriads to an untimely tomb! This is commonly called *dying of a surfeit*. O man! if you would enjoy health and long life, restrain your appetites, remove the savoury but destructive viands, and fling the Circean cup of intoxication from your trembling hand!

Valetudinarians often voluntarily suffer more pain than was ever inflicted by the Inquisition. By

swallowing every medicine which ignorant friends or artful Quacks recommend, these wretched dupes, instead of disarming disease, only render it more powerful. Three fourths of the diseases of the people of London are *ideal*; and many persons contribute to the support of the physician, and pay him liberally for regular attendance, while they labour not under bodily indisposition but the imaginary ailments of a *mind diseased*. Many an athletic hypochondriac, whose sanity would be restored in a few days by exercise, now imagines himself at the point of death, though he will probably outlive his physician. The revelling and excess of those unhappy beings has produced in them such a relaxation of nerve and imbecility of mind, that they tremble at the momentary gloom occasioned by every passing cloud; the sight of a hearse fills them with horror; and the mournful knell thrills through every fibre.

Were we to investigate the origin of those diseases that *really* exist in this capital, they would be found to proceed from *gluttony*, *indolence*, and *sensuality*; consequently not only the *preventive* of such diseases, but even the *cure* may be found in adherence to temperance, exercise, and moderation in the pursuit of amusements.

The passions have a most powerful effect on the health of the body, and the pains of the body excite sympathy in the mind. Hope, that prime cheerer of the soul, accompanied by strict temperance, will re-establish the health of the infirm, sooner than all the simples of nature, or the chemical preparations invented by man. Look around then, you who drag on a lingering existence—be-

hold numbers who were lately in full health suddenly carried off by fevers arising from *Intemperance*, that *Hydra* which devours human happiness. No longer torment yourselves, nor make your stomach, like Noah's Ark, a receptacle for every clean and unclean thing that you imagine may renovate the constitution. If you cannot be restored by moderate exercise and a mild regimen, calmly submit to that dissolution which awaits every human being. Instead of relying wholly on the skill of feeble man, bow with resignation to the will of the DIVINE PHYSICIAN, who can "*kill and make alive!*"

The fallacy of empiricism has already been sufficiently animadverted on. Indeed one single reflection may serve to subvert the whole fabric of medical imposture. Had any of the proposed *panaceas* invented by man been endued with *universal healing virtues*, all other medicines would have been totally unnecessary; and as light is supplied by the sun, the grand restorative would have supplied all mankind with health and longevity; hence there could have been no necessity to collect drugs or acquire medical knowledge.

EPIGRAM.

Dialogue between a QUACK DOCTOR *and a* SATIRIST.

SATIRIST.

Thou destroyer of man, thou vicegerent of death;
In thy look there is jaundice, and pest in thy breath;
Depart from this Island, and leave us some hope
Of living our time, if you'd 'scape from the rope.*

QUACK DOCTOR.

Pray cease your invective, my character spare,
And in future all profits with me you shall share;
Don't you know, Sir, the mass of mankind are all fools,
Who rely upon nostrums and medical rules,
To restore wasted vigour and renovate health?
So whoever will promise such blessings grasps wealth.

* Dr. Brodum has taken the Satirist's advice; but whether he shrunk into obscurity for fear of exaltation on the gibbet, or in consequence of the decay of business, is uncertain. The Author most cordially congratulates his patron, John Bull, on this felicitous event, he is in expectation that other Impostors will soon retire; and that *Galvanism, Perkinism,* &c will be treated with neglect by a discerning Public.

SATIRIST.

Whene'er I at fraudulent cunning connive,
May my small spark of life not that moment survive!
I know that the credulous oft are deceiv'd,
And impostors like you are too often believ'd;
While you violate truth, and that just law defy,
Which declares that *a murderer surely shall die.*

QUACK DOCTOR.

Stop, Sir, you're in error, I am a physician;
See here's my *diploma*, and in good condition,
It came by the coach from the North, 'pon my honour,
And grateful am I to the generous donor;
If that wont suffice, Sir, see here is my *patent*,
To cure all diseases *apparent* or *latent*:
I find you suspected I was but a *poacher*,
On *other physicians* a frontless encroacher;
But my qualification's without the least flaw,
And I kill my game fairly, according to law.

COSMETICS.

——————Roses for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age;
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald;
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets:
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews!

COWPER.

NEXT to quack doctors, may be classed those beautifiers of the human countenance—*The inventors of cosmetics.* Aided by the miraculous power of lotions and tinctures, new beauties reanimate the face, and we behold the roseate bloom of youth smile like morning light on the varnished visage of age.

While a superabundance of paints and lotions renovate beauty, the fair artist daily improves in taste; she guides the pencil with such skill over every line of her face, and imitates nature with such elegance, that we may soon be able to boast of female portrait painters who will excel even Sir Joshua Reynolds himself! One great advantage in favour of female genius, in this instance, is the superior texture of the skin to canvas, or any other artificial ground. It is to be regretted, however, that too many of our female artists grow negligent after marriage, and, reflecting that the portrait is sold, take little pains to improve its tints; nay, it is asserted, that they often become hideously deformed in a few years. This is certainly a great imperfection; for the works of the most eminent male artists have ge-

nerally become more estimable in the eyes of the connoisseur in proportion to their age.

How are we to solve this problem? It is because Nature always counteracts any violation of her precepts, that the fair sex who assume artificial beauties, thus fall a sacrifice to their own imprudence; the moralist would add, their IMPIETY!

One of our ethical writers says, that there are "no better *cosmetics* than a severe temperance, and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper and calmness of spirit; no true beauty without the signatures of these graces in the very countenance." Such puritanical precepts might have been esteemed in the days of yore; but what woman of spirit would now submit to such philosophic self-denial? Severe temperance, modesty, and humility, indeed! No, no, our modish fair ones are too knowing to venerate the slavish restrictions of morality:—

"Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,
"And think no pleasure can be bought too dear!"

In this enlightened age, the visage that time had tinctured with a philemot hue now assumes the mellow blush of Hebe herself. Circassia sends her bloom to animate the face of English beauty; exotic blushes are imported as superior to those suffusions formerly celebrated by our poets; and art, wonder-working art, is the creator of fashionable beauty. Hoary locks and wrinkles are banished from this happy metropolis: and washes, which render the ladies "ever fair, and ever young," may be obtained for gold.

Those irresistible arms of the ladies of London

are chiefly compounded of ingenious chemical preparations. Mercury, that conqueror of the sons of pleasure, and lead, that destroyer of heroes, form the principal ingredients with which the fair sex so plentifully lacker their epidermis * ! Ah! spare our beaux, ye fascinating matrons and ever-blooming virgins, nor thus incase yourselves in a *coat of mail*, that at once allures and destroys!

The curiosity of our mother Eve first introduced knowledge to the human race, and it may rationally be supposed that the first woman has been excelled by her daughters in useful and elegant discoveries. Indeed, from what we can learn, Eve had but a very imperfect idea of dress; nor did she require the aid of cosmetics, for her face and form were already superlatively charming. At length time deprived our lovely mother of her graces, and death triumphed over the fairest part of the visible creation. Our modern belles, on the contrary, have invented tints that set the assaults of time at defiance: their happy skill can adorn the palest cheek with a permanent vermeil hue, and prevent the decays of old age from becoming visible; nay, it is not improbable that their wonderful inventive powers will eventually overcome the ghastly horrors of death, and shine with undiminished charms even in the shroud.

The superiority of *artificial* to *natural* beauty will appear in all its dignity, if we contrast the per-

* As hard words are often unintelligible to the *innocent* part of the fair sex, it may be proper to inform them that the epidermis is the outermost skin of the human body. As for FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS, they know every thing!!!

manent bloom of the former with the unfashionable flushings of the latter. A truly modest woman, in whose expressive countenance each strong emotion of her mind is pourtrayed, must appear a singular being in the eyes of those modish females, whose faces wear one unchangeable smile. The aspect of the modest woman is like the *aurora borealis*, while her blushes alternately flash and fade; but the countenance of the accomplished lady, decorated with COSMETICS, resembles the sun, and shines with unfading glory.

CARICATURE AND PRINT SHOPS.

THE caricature and print shops, which are so gratifying to the fancy of the idle and licentious, must necessarily have a powerful influence on the morals and industry of the people. Caricaturists are certainly entitled to the reward which a well-regulated police will ever bestow on the promoters of immorality and profaneness. Their indefatigable study to ridicule oddities of character might be overlooked, and in a few instances their exhibition of vice to derision may be useful, but the general effect of their productions is the proper standard by which we can duly estimate their merit or demerit. When brought to the tribunal of reason, it will be found that the greater part of such caricatures, prints, and paintings, as appear in the windows of our printsellers, are injurious to virtue.

This humourous mode of satirising folly is very prejudicial to the multitude in many respects:—in the loss of time to those who stop to contemplate the different figures; the opportunities given to pick-pockets to exercise their art; and that incitement to licentiousness occasioned by the sight of voluptuous paintings. The indecent attitudes, obscene labels, and similar decorations of the figures, must have a powerful effect on the feelings of susceptible youth; and it is an authenticated fact, that girls often go in parties to visit the windows of printshops, that they may amuse themselves with the view of prints which impart the most impure ideas.

Before these windows, the apprentice loiters, un-

mindful of his master's business; and thither prostitutes hasten, and with fascinating glances endeavour to allure the giddy and the vain, who stop to gaze on the *sleeping Venus*, the *British Venus*, and a variety of seductive representations of naked feminine beauty.

Are these witty but profane and indecent labels, and this display of nudities, productive of any good? —do they not rather tend to the depravation of mind, and contribute to relax the moral ties of society? If such be their tendency, the magistracy would deserve the gratitude, not only of the present generation, but of millions yet unborn, by the suppression of those paintings and engravings, which through the medium of the eye, contaminate the purity of the human heart, and mislead the laughing victim into the paths of folly and vice.

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

We nobly take the high *priori* road,
And reason downward till we doubt of GOD:
Make *Nature* still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some *mechanic cause* into his place;
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.

POPE.

THIS enlightened age will doubtless be distinguished in history, as remarkable for refined and ingenious speculations. Among our contemporary authors, those theorists who have modestly assumed the name of philosophers, have excited the most general attention.

These sages may be divided into two classes: the first, consisting of metaphysicians, and ethical writers; the second, comprising those more dangerous innovators, who introduce sophistry in the garb of elegant literature, and promulgate their opinions through the medium of romances and the drama. Grave sages, having culled the best moral precepts from the works of the ancients, purpose to improve mankind by a better system than any hitherto devised. Their doctrine inculcates the idea of the *perfectibility** of the human mind in this life; and they profess to reform the abuses which have crept into all human institutions. The Utopian speculations

* This word has justly been pronounced "a *barbarism*" by the Monthly Reviewers.

of these sages, however, have not even the merit of originality; and happily for mankind, their theories are conceived so much under the influence of dulness as to be unintelligible.

Inflated with arrogance, they ascribe the slow progress of their doctrine to the obstinate and indocile ignorance of mankind, whose prejudices, like clouds, obscure the light of the new philosophy. Foreseeing the opposition which their abstruse theories must encounter, they have defended themselves by the very pertinent remark, that metaphysics are above the capacity of the common reader. For whom then are such books published?—certainly not for the exclusive information of philosophers, but the general instruction of mankind.

Were we to enquire why so many new systems of metaphysics and ethics are promulgated among mankind, we should find that they originate in the pride of aspiring individuals. Learned pride in the philosopher, and the flattered vanity of his votaries, are the origin of all those abstruse systems of human knowledge that now militate against revelation and the happiness of mankind; but the voluminous productions of French, German, and English freethinkers and atheists will, when brought to the test of truth, be found to consist of a few impious ideas, expanded into long dissertations. These aërial castles, like immense columns of clouds, will, when exposed to the pervading rays of common sense, evaporate into air.

Without a God, the universe would be as dreary as our system without a sun. The comfortable idea of his presiding Providence, enables the believer to struggle with adversity, and to hope amid the

most discouraging circumstances. On the other hand, the atheist, who has erected for himself a fanciful edifice of human perfection, and who, trusting to his own sagacity and exertions, finds to his inexpressible woe that his proud notions were unfounded, either sinks into the torpor of imbecility, or rises to the phrensy of despair, and often flies to *self-murder*, as a refuge from reflection!

What says the Christian?

> ———There lives and works
> A soul in all things, and that soul is GOD.

What says the atheist? "Nature produced all things." Atheists! look around, behold the wonders of creative wisdom in the heavens and the earth; contemplate the structure of the human frame —the faculties of the mind; and exclaim with David, "Fearfully and wonderfully am I made!" Ah! do not impiously employ your endowments in opposition to the revealed will of the beneficent Giver of life and reason! Act not so ungratefully; but, with melting hearts, fall prostrate and repenting before your omnipresent Creator.

Atheistical metaphysicians, however, are not so dangerous as might at first be apprehended. Their researches in the labyrinth of ratiocination have imperceptibly carried them so far into the bottomless abyss of dulness, that they are unintelligible. Their lamp of reason emits a brilliant light at the outset; but, as they proceed, it gradually becomes dim, and eventually expires, leaving them overwhelmed in eternal darkness.

A more formidable and ingenious sect of specu-

latists has emerged into public observation. These sages adapt their systems to the natural propensities of the human heart. By rejecting and deriding the moral precepts, which enjoin self-denial, and by artfully cherishing the passions, they enchant their votaries, who extol them as demi-gods.

Our modish sages, with an ingenuity and effrontery unknown to the ancients, have combined the pride of the Stoic with the voluptuousness of the Epicurean; and at once gratify their proselytes with the idea that they are pursuing the dictates of virtue, while yielding to the impulse of every desire. Hence their popularity, and the pernicious effects of their sophistry on the morals of the community.

Thus vice has not only assumed the garb, but even the sentiments of virtue! But did our fashionable infidels allow themselves to exercise their own reason, they would discover, that instead of thinking independently, they are the most superstitious of mortals! Misled by the eloquent sophistry of a few proud modern *illuminati*, they are neither free in thought nor action, but led captive by their tyrannic appetites.

The task of enlightening the public mind has been undertaken by men of refined manners, and superior genius, who have united elegance with sophistry. Indeed their fine spun theories are amusing, but impracticable; while Christianity enjoins no precept that is not practical and conducive to happiness. Thus the gorgeous and luxuriant hues of the rainbow may delight for a moment, but we soon turn from its fading magnificence to enjoy the agreeable and permanent light of the sun.

It is much to be regretted, that the deist, whose

penetration has discovered such errors in the religion of our ancestors, should be so successful in the depravation of his fellow-creatures. When Addison flourished, this metropolis could boast of only a few freethinkers; "but we are polished now," and the attorney's clerk, the man milliner, nay, even the waiting maid and footman, embracing the modern philosophy, deride the faith which led their parents to heaven. From the tribunal of impious wit there is no appeal;—ridicule is her sword, sophistry her shield, and vain glory her reward. In short, the modern deist denies the authority, and execrates the precepts of the Bible, because it prohibits the indulgence of his passions; while, by his affectation of humanity and sentiment, he passes through life with the character of an accomplished gentleman, though destitute of that modest dignity which ever accompanies merit.

Tell me, ye deists, do you ingenuously peruse the Bible for instruction? Do you not rather gratify your pride, by criticising that sacred volume, and rejoice when you find a passage which you can warp, so as to exercise your wit at the expence of revelation? Are you not ashamed of such an artifice, exerted to deceive others, and excite their admiration of your sagacity, while thus opposing the feeble glimmer of your reason, to the meridian glory of divine truth?

Were we to trace this fashionable infidelity to its source, we should find that it originated in an injudicious mode of education. Indulgence in infancy leads to foppery in youth, and pride in manhood: an inordinate gratification of the appetites depraves the heart, and bewilders the imagination: a continual

succession of illicit pleasures corrupts the morals;—the next step is scepticism, which leads to atheism. Glad to catch at any twig that will save him from sinking into the ocean of reflection, the voluptuary, who dares not *meet his naked heart alone*, lulls his conscience in the soporific gloom of annihilation, till remorse, rending the delusive veil of infidelity, exhibits to his terrified mind the infernal brood of vices, hatched and cherished by depravity.

Mandeville, and other freethinkers of the last age, artfully endeavoured to depreciate religion, by asserting that it was merely an invention of statesmen, to overawe the credulous multitude, and render them obedient to the laws. For this purpose it was necessary that it should be connected with morals. But the infidels of the present day have gone farther, and, like the impious Spinoza, contend, that religion is subversive of morality! It is indeed astonishing to contemplate the pains taken by deists to subvert Christianity. The intercourse of the sexes is considered by them as liable to no restriction, but merely a matter of choice; and consequently they condemn marriage as a tyrannic restriction of the human will.

Such is the accommodating nature of this fashionable Epicurism, that it excludes reflection, and leaves the mind disincumbered with intrusive thought, vacant, and ready to embrace every joy. Hence the voluptuary will ever be its strenuous advocate.

Pause—Oh! pause one moment in your frantic career, ye dupes of modern philosophers. Awake from the delusions of sensuality to true happiness, which can only be obtained by your return to virtue. No longer glory in the wild and extravagant theo-

ries of proud and blasphemous unbelievers, but purify yourselves from the morbific contagion of vice, by an ablution in that fountain of happiness—THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

It has been asserted by the enemies of Christianity, that it has been the source of contention and war among mankind. But the truth is, designing men, under the pretext of religion, obtained an ascendency over the minds of others, and practised the greatest oppression and cruelty, which they endeavoured to sanction by their pretended zeal for truth. If we except a few instances of bigotry and persecution, we shall find, on consulting history, that mankind never became truly humanised, till the benign precepts of Christ subdued the ferocity of the passions.

Our deistical writers, like the French Theophilanthropists, first cull some of the purest morals from Christianity, and afterwards ungratefully depreciate its benign influence, and stigmatise it as the cause of war and contention among mankind. By such plausible assertions, and their artful adulation of human perfection, innovators have insinuated themselves into the favour of the fashionable world. They "*speak smooth things, and prophecy deceits,*" for the gratification of the rich and vain, whose example must ever have a powerful influence on the morals of the community.

But suppose, ye laughter-loving dames, and philosophic beaux, you discovered a combination of assassins, ready to lift their empoisoned stilettos against your hearts; would you not shrink?—Such, indeed, are your deistical instructors, who, under the semblance of friendship, are your worst

enemies—the destroyers of your *present* and *future* happiness! They first deprive you of your best hopes by their vain glorious opposition of the subtle reflections of reason to the revelation of the DEITY; and then by sarcasms against the imperfection of human institutions, endeavour to overturn the order of civilised society. Investigate their fine spun reasonings, and they vanish into air—"into thin air;" and like the delusions of magic—instead of the superb edifice, the beautiful and perfumed pavilion of delight, erected by reason—you will find yourselves wandering amidst the hideous pitfalls of error and despair.

FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not sour and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.

MILTON.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," was the observation of a Jewish sage; but had he lived in this age of refinement, he would probably have embraced another opinion. Instead of ladies travelling from the most distant regions to learn wisdom of him, he might have obtained from our FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS some ideas on *the natural equality of the sexes!*

Our fair sages, armed with the triple panoply of reason, wit, and beauty, have boldly entered the lists of competition to assert their native rights. They have already proved to a demonstration, that there is no superiority of the male over the female sex: but that the former, by some accidental advantage, not content with equality, had, by a tyrannic assumption, violated the privileges of the latter.

It is worthy of remark, that the founder of this new sect, like the fabled Luna of old, descended from her luminous elevation to caress her favourite Endymion. Cavillers may say, that in this instance she behaved like a frail woman, but her disciples are convinced that she was actuated by the most philosophic and benign philanthropy; and thus with inexpressible energy enforced her precepts by example:

"Strange to tell, she practis'd what she preach'd."

Indeed, it is evident, that she imitated the learned and delicate Eloisa, and adopted her sublime and excellent sentiments:

"Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame:
August her deed, and sacred be her fame.
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove:—
No; make me mistress to the man I love."

But Eloisa's philosophy had long been neglected by the world; and though her principles were adopted by that generous and disinterested class of females called kept-mistresses, it required the genius of a modern heroine to establish this system. London, which, like the sun, irradiates the world of science, only required the sect of female philosophers to claim the palm in every kind of intellectual pre-eminence.

The noble struggles for independence so often made by every class of our fair country-women, from the duchess to the retailer of oranges; the curtain lectures of the former, and the liberal epithets and contusions bestowed by the latter upon their beloved yoke-fellows, seem to prove, that they have an equal claim to equality. The contest for equal rights may indeed sometimes be productive of momentary bickerings, but must eventually establish the beautiful claimant in her pristine independence. This event will harmonise the passions of both sexes, and, by a reciprocation of endearments, a nobler affection will arise. Woman, no longer looking on her partner as superior in talents or resolution, will be equally ready, nay, perhaps, the first, to defend the honour of both, if called in question; and we may soon expect to hear of frequent challenges given by the ladies to that formidable and respectable body of men, the fops.

This sect, when perfectly established, will prevent many litigations; while male and female philosophers, being bound by no tie but their own caprice, can, after a tender intercourse for years, voluntarily separate without the formality of a divorce!

The beneficial consequences of these modern refinements must be obvious:

> " Relations dear, and all the charities
> Of father, son, and brother,"

will soon be forgotten; and, like the Spartan youth, the rising generation will be the children of the state.

Such of our female philosophers as are blest with high spirits and activity, may with emulative ardour cope with the men in gymnastic exercises. They may learn to rein the fiery charger, wield the firelock, brandish the sabre; and demonstrate, by their puissance and intrepidity, the natural equality of the sexes.

Let a young heroine only reflect what an amiable figure she will make decorated with a helmet, and charging the battalions of the enemy at the head of a squadron of cavalry! Thus, like Minerva herself, the glorious fair one will gain the conqueror's wreath; and if her character should be slandered, she can challenge her calumniator to single combat*.

* The idea of the equality of the sexes is truly ridiculous. Man is the natural protector of woman; and the shade of subordination is so delicate as to be almost imperceptible. Let the fair-sex meekly enjoy their privileges, and leave imperial man in possession of his prerogatives. They may believe a friend who begs leave to assure them, that Venus appears more amiable encircled with her *cestus*, than Minerva armed with her *helm* and *shield*.

Those fair philosophers who are not ambitious to share the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," may rival their male competitors in the softer arts of peace, such as navigation and agriculture. How characteristic of the delicacy of the sex must it be, to see a lovely woman steering a ship in a storm, and vociferating through a speaking trumpet to the sailors, while the tempest howls

"With deaf'ning clamour in the slipp'ry shrouds!"

Or in husbandry, how delightful must the charming farmer appear, while guiding the plough through the stubborn fallows, or directing her labourers in their daily task*.

We have reason to apprehend that the works of Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Boyle, will be neglected for the elegant conceptions of our fair writers in this "*age of reason.*" How puerile are the

* Lavater defines the characteristic difference between the sexes with great precision—"The female," says he, "thinks not profoundly; profound thought is the power of man. Women feel more; sensibility is the power of woman: men must embrace the whole; women remark individually. Man hears the bursting thunder, views the destructive bolt with serene aspect, and stands erect amidst the fearful majesty of the streaming clouds; woman trembles at the lightning and the voice of distant thunder; and shrinks into herself, or sinks into the arms of man. A ray of light is singly received by man; woman delights to view it through a prism, in all its dazzling colours: she contemplates the rainbow as the promise of peace; he extends his enquiring eye over the whole horizon. Woman laughs, man smiles: woman weeps, man remains silent. Woman is in anguish when man weeps, and in despair when man is in anguish; yet she has often more faith than man."

poetic flights of Shakespeare, Dryden, Milton, and Pope, to the inspiring melody, and *chaste sentiments* of our modern poetesses! How vapid the productions of Swift, Butler, and Sterne, when compared with the effervescence of female genius! And how inconclusive the morality of Addison, Steele, and Johnson, when opposed to those perspicuous emanations of mind so liberally diffused by our female philosophers for the improvement of their disciples!

The virtuous woman, who in conformity to the wise institutions of her ancestors is obedient to her husband, and presides with maternal solicitude over her children, inculcating the purest principles of morality, must appear an insipid being, compared with those spirited dames who share with their male friends the pleasurable indulgences which propriety and religion at defiance.

Among the improvements of this enlightened age may be reckoned the general practice of mothers, in the higher classes, intrusting their infants to the care of hireling nurses. This fashionable violation of maternal duty generally proceeds from indolence and a desire to be disencumbered in the pursuit of favourite amusements; but surely every mother, endued with that exquisite sensibility which is the ornament of a virtuous woman, will suckle her child, unless prevented by indisposition.

That the female votaries of Minerva, however, should be exempted, not only from this, but every other domestic duty, is a privilege to which they are entitled by their superior endowments. Would it not be prejudicial to the interests of science, were a fair astronomer necessitated to descend from the

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M. Bethan del.

contemplation of the heavens to chaunt a lullaby? What an irreparable injury would it be to public morals, if the female translators of *chaste* and *elegant* German dramas were obliged to attend to the nursery! Nor could it rationally be expected, that such of our fair philosophers as were engaged in metaphysical, or ethical researches, could, amid their abstraction, recollect that such beings as children existed. Indeed, these literary ladies are fully entitled to commit their offspring to the protection of others, and thus act in conformity to their other innovations.

This immoral deviation is not confined to high life, for even tradesmen's wives, nay, the wives of mechanics, resign their infants without scruple to the care of strangers; and the natural consequence is that estrangement, and negligence in the fulfilment of the filial duties, at present so observable in both sexes.

One of the most egregious follies of the present age is, that affected politeness by which coxcombs cherish the ridiculous assumption of equality in the other sex. Alas, ye lovely young women! your obsequious and *enlightened* beaux, who would raise you to a fantastic pre-eminence by the depreciation of man, aim only at your destruction. They first, through the medium of flattery, insinuate themselves into your favour; they extol the superior beauties, finer sensibilities, and nobler virtues, of woman; they expatiate on the happiness arising from an unlimited freedom of thought and action; and while they assert the equality, effect the seduction of the credulous fair. They hold the Circean cup of philosophic sophistry to your lips, you drink,

and giving a loose to your passions, indulge in sensuality, till, when too late, you find that your momentary elevation was like being placed on a pinnacle, whence you are precipitated headlong into the abyss of misery.

Ye amiable maidens, the ornament and glory of society, beware of the insidious suggestions of delusive fancy! Now while your hearts bound with gaiety, and your beauties illumine the social circles, reflect that on your virtue depends the happiness of the community. Remember that the duties of woman are comprised in her tenderness to her relatives, as a daughter, a wife, and a mother. Reflect that the influence of a virtuous woman is absolute over the mind of man, and that her endearing manners, her modest smiles, are irresistibly eloquent; that to arrogate an equality with the other sex will render you ridiculous and unamiable; and that due respect for yourselves, sanctioned by the unaffected dignity of female chastity, will command the esteem, and ensure the admiration, of mankind.

THE TEMPLE OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A VISION.

RUMINATING the other evening upon the numerous discoveries which the ingenious are daily making in Philosophy, I was led by a train of thought to an anticipation of the future fame of our Sages and Literati. While I continued absorbed in these reflections I fell asleep, and a wonderful Vision presented itself to my imagination.

Methought I found myself travelling on a wide road, accompanied by several persons of both sexes, whose looks betrayed ardour and impatience. As they proceeded, I found by their conversation that they were going to the Temple of Modern Philosophy, to receive from the Goddess the reward of their services. I felt an inclination to turn back, from a consciousness that I had done nothing to merit her favour; but my companions excited my curiosity, by describing the magnificence of the Temple and the benignity of the Goddess, insomuch that I resolved to proceed.

We soon arrived at the entrance of the Temple, which was grand beyond description. Triumphal arches, adorned with festoons, and dedicated to the honour of VOLTAIRE, BOLINGBROKE, SHAFTESBURY, ROUSSEAU, HUME, and GIBBON, led to the portico, which was supported by the most magnificent columns of white marble; they were in the elegant Corinthian order; but, what appeared to me very singular, they were inverted! The portico was

open, emblematic of the philanthropy of the *new* Philosophy, who unfolds her mysteries to the contemplative mind.

My companions, who had disputed during our journey with all the eagerness of competition, were now silent. A sacred awe seemed to pervade the assembly, as we slowly advanced into the body of the Temple. A vast azure curtain of silk bespangled with diamonds, reflecting the rays of several lustres which illumined the lofty dome, was suddenly raised, and we beheld Philosophy seated on a throne of gold, adorned with gems, "*in all the hues reflected light can give.*" She was a majestic figure; her countenance exhibited the delicate bloom of youth, dignified with the intelligence of riper years, and enlivened by a seductive smile that fascinated the beholder. Her robe was purple; she wore a crown of gold, inscribed with the words NECESSITY, REASON, VIRTUE, in the three primitive colours of nature. On the right hand, sat PRIDE, adorned with jewels, and inflated with the idea of self-importance; on her left VANITY appeared in a garment of many colours, continually varying her posture, and viewing herself with smiles in a mirror.

Before the throne stood SOPHISTRY, whose robe changed its hue every moment; an insidious smile played over her features, and she held in her right hand a cup filled with intoxicating nectar. FASHION stood behind Sophistry, with her eyes turned alternately on the Goddess and her votaries.

The wall of the temple, behind the throne, was composed of one entire prismatic substance, through which the most enchanting perspective view delighted the eye. Shady groves, sunny glades, trees bending with fruitage, flowers of variegated bloom,

clear fountains, sprightly cascades, embellished with sunshine from an uncloudy sky, presented a most inviting paradise.

We gazed with mute admiration: the Goddess waved her silver sceptre, and instantly the Temple was filled with harmony. The music was quite in the modern taste, of that lively kind which excludes the strong passions, and excites to mirth by a gentle titillation. Philosophy again waved her sceptre, the music ceased, and while our bosoms were thrilling with pleasurable sensations she thus addressed us:—

"My beloved Votaries! welcome, thrice welcome, to all the delights of wisdom! You shall all participate the bounty of Philosophy; but the metaphysician, as most profoundly versed in my *arcana*, is entitled to the most distinguished honours. Sophistry! lead the venerable KANT to my throne; I long to reward a veteran who has so often contended against my enemies."

The Sage was led forward by Sophistry, who presented her cordial to his lips. Having taken an exhilarating draught, he thus addressed Philosophy:—

"Great Goddess, who hast been adored in every age under different names, behold an aged man, who, for a series of years, has studied thy mysteries. Like thy adorers among the ancients, I have described thee as the child of nature; and by inculcating the doctrine of *necessity*, I have demonstrated that it is to thee alone we are to look for the developement of the human faculties: that under thy influence the morals of society are in a state of progressive improvement towards that *perfectibility* which is attainable by reason. The simplicity of this system

excludes future retribution, and I have imperceptibly induced numbers of proselytes to consider thee as *the first and only fair.*' Convinced of the propensity of the human mind to superstition, and aware of the charms of novelty, I denominated thy doctrine the *Critical Philosophy*, as one that investigated the imperfections of all other institutions. Finally, O Goddess! I have argued, that with thy aid the generations of mankind will attain perfection. Thy handmaid, Sophistry, has often visited and inspired me with *sublime* and *profound* ideas; and, with the aid of the witty who have become proselytes to thy system, I hope to establish thy dominion over mankind. Myriads of *Illuminati*, of both sexes, irradiate the Continent, and the people of Britain seem well inclined to the adoption of thy precepts. It must be the study of thy disciples to effect a revolution in morals; and, by indulging the human passions and appetites, persuade the nations that pleasure is the reward of thy votaries."

When the Philosopher ceased, the Goddess smiled with ineffable affection, and, extending her right hand, the Sage kissed it with the utmost devotion. Sophistry then led him to a seat on the right side of the throne, when he immediately sunk into slumber.

The next person singled from the crowd was the redoubtable Dramatist KOTZEBUE. There was a wild and impetuous ardour in his eye, the effect of an effervescent genius. He came forward with a confident look, like a man of the world who considered effrontery as a proof of his good breeding. Sophistry offered him her newly-replenished cup, but he declined it, and with an arch smile whispered, "No, my dear friend, I have so long been ac-

customed to quaff your nectar, that it has become insipid to me; but I have persuaded thousands to drink so deeply of it as to produce complete intoxication."

He then looked up to Philosophy with a vivacious air, and thus expressed his pretensions to her favour: —"All beauteous Idol, behold thy warmest advocate, who comes to lay the wreath of genius at thy feet. 'Tis to thy irresistible influence, O Philosophy! that I owe the success of my endeavours to *immoralize* Europe! I have disseminated thy doctrine among the higher classes of mankind, many of whom have adored thee as their tutelary Divinity; by my ridicule of religion, and the artful exhibition of sensuality, under the guise of nobleness of mind, I have at once effected the depravation of taste and morals. In Germany, France, and England, my Dramas have, in co-operation with Deism and Atheism, turned the current of popular opinion in thy favor. In France I found but little difficulty to establish my sentiments, as that nation has ever preferred pompous processions and extravagant ideas to simplicity and good sense; but in England I met, and still continue to meet, with several obstacles, among a people who have hitherto been accustomed to consider the passions as the auxiliaries of Virtue. The genius of my translators, however, has partly triumphed over the obstinate taste of their countrymen, and prejudice is vanishing before thy effulgence."

The Goddess replied, "My dear KOTZEBUE, thou hast been an active and indefatigable servant—receive thy reward." She then touched him with her sceptre, and his raiment was suddenly changed

to a purple robe, bestudded with brilliants, Fashion then led him to a seat beside that of his countryman.

Several other candidates for reward now came forward, among whom I recognized PAINE, and a celebrated modern Lyrist. The Goddess gave them all a most gracious reception, but she conferred particular honours on the facetious Bard. "Welcome," said she, "my witty, my incomparable son; to thy genius am I indebted for the progress of my power in Britain. Thy more than Orphean Lyre has transformed many who were formerly discreet into satyrs of dissipation. Fashion, crown thy favourite Poet with his well earned laurel, and let the wreath be sufficiently thick to defend his venerable head from the *cane* of an insolent adversary. Place him beside his illustrious compeer KOTZEBUE."

A whimsical-looking individual, apparently intoxicated, now approached the throne. I discovered that he was a *Senator*, who had written a *Romance* which was prejudicial to the cause of virtue. The Goddess beckoned to Sophistry, who conducted him to a seat beside the Poet.

A party of females now entered the Temple.—Their dress was in the extreme of the mode; each wore a wig, and seemed to take a pride in the exposure of the neck and bosom. One of the train bore a standard, with this inscription, EQUALITY OF THE SEXES. The air of self-sufficiency, the broad and scrutinizing stare, the authoritative brow and masculine stride of these ladies, excited my surprise; and although I did not see any offensive weapons, I fancied for a moment that they were a detachment of Amazons. *(See Frontispiece)*

Their Leader thus addressed the Goddess:—"We are come, O celestial Philosophy, to worship in thy Temple! to prefer our vows, and supplicate thy inspiration. We have formed a new class of intelligent beings, and are known by the denomination of FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS. Our enemies have stigmatized us with the name of Voluptuaries, because we inculcate the unrestrained indulgence of the passions, and invite mankind to enjoy the pleasures of life; but the feeble opposition of our calumniators must shrink into non-existence before the enchanting delights which thou hast prepared for thy votaries. To prove our claim to thy protection, we have disseminated thy principles by every means which wit could suggest or genius promote. We have written Poems, Romances, and Novels, for this purpose, and translated every work that we conceived would tend to inflame the heart and corrupt the morals of others, and we have been successful beyond our most sanguine hopes. It remains for thee, O beloved Philosophy, to reward us according to our respective merits; and when each claimant has detailed her labours in thy service, there is little doubt but thou wilt *at least* place us upon an equality with the other sex, and realize our long-wished for love of power."

When this fair orator concluded her speech, another female advanced with a most graceful and theatric air, but she was prevented from the exertion of her eloquence by the Goddess, who expressed her approbation of the party with smiles of triumph. "Glorious æra!" she exclaimed; "when Woman has assumed her natural equality, and demonstrated that "*the love of pleasure and the love of sway*" pre-

dominates in every exalted female mind. Yes, my beautiful votaries, you shall be placed upon an equality with your admirers, who sit at my right hand. There is no necessity for each of you to mention her claims, for, though I have long been convinced of the eloquence of the sex, and doubt not that your orations on this occasion would fill a folio volume, I would recommend it to you to reserve your rhetoric to persuade your husbands, lovers, and mankind at large, of my superior title to their devotion."

Although the Ladies seemed disappointed at not being permitted to speak successively, yet when Sophistry conducted them to a seat equally elevated with that of the Male Philosophers, and when they surveyed the superb canopy above their heads, I could observe their eyes sparkle with pleasure.

These distinguished Female Philosophers being seated, Sophistry addressed the motley throng who filled the area before the throne, and whom I discovered, by their discourse, to be Pamphleteers, who had written in favour of the Goddess.

"Beloved Auxiliaries!" cried Sophistry, "none of you shall go unrewarded. Philosophy is ever beneficent to her adorers. You shall———." Here she was interrupted by a confused noise from without, and a female, called Terror, rushed into the Temple, vociferating, with frantic gestures, "The enemy is coming!" These dreadful sounds produced dismay throughout the Assembly. Even the Goddess trembled on her throne, and all her worshippers seemed thunderstruck. A vivid splendour now illumined the portico, and the next moment RELIGION entered. Her stature was tall, her

countenance majestic and serene; a diadem of the three hues of the rainbow surrounded her head, and her robe was light azure of the most delicate tint of the celestial regions, whence she had descended. On her right appeared her faithful attendant Truth, who held a burning glass in her left hand, and a fiery sword in her right. The other attendant of Religion was Morality, who appeared on her left, clothed in white, and holding in her left hand a Bible, into which she looked with reverential love.

Religion now approached the throne of her enemy, and, with a voice at once melodious and impressive, thus addressed the Assembly:—"Unhappy beings, your enmity against me has effected your own destruction. By embracing the delusive pleasures of *Sensuality*, whom you misnamed *Philosophy*, your minds are incapacitated for the enjoyment of my simple but permanent delights; it only remains, in obedience to the dictates of immutable justice, that you should be punished for your impious writings, which have misled such numbers of your fellow-creatures. Advance, O Truth! my faithful attendant, and with thy resistless sword destroy these *soul-slayers*, and let their influence cease from this moment."

Truth instantly touched the throne of the NEW PHILOSOPHY with her fiery sword, and a wonderful metamorphosis took place throughout the Temple. Philosophy fell from her throne, and was changed into a viper; the metaphysician was transformed into a mole; the dramatist into a goat; and the other sages into monkeys of different kinds. The female philosophers were changed into parrots,

and the pamphleteers who surrounded me shrunk into the form of toads.

My heart fainted with horror as I gazed on these prodigies, and I every moment expected some dreadful change would befal myself for my temerity in visiting this odious place. While I stood speechless and trembling, Truth touched the floor with her sword, and a sudden concussion overturned the Temple from its foundation. The throne vanished in a thin vapour; the vitreous wall disappeared, and beyond, where it had expanded its deceptive medium, instead of a rich landscape, I beheld a blasted heath overgrown with thorns and thistles.

At this scene of desolation my fears increased; I turned towards Religion; and was going to prostrate myself before her, when Morality prevented me, and putting the Bible into my hand, whispered, "You are now safe, that book will direct you to the Temple of Religion, which is on the road to Salvation." My spirits were revived, and a new hope animated my heart as I clasped the treasure of Divine Knowledge in my hands. Religion turned upon me her majestic eyes, beaming with philanthropy. "Fear not, O Man!" said she, "I will ever be thy guardian while thou pursuest the path pointed out by Revelation. Go, feeble mortal! reform thy manners; correct thy passions by the vigilance and authority of Reason; remember that Christianity is the *true Philosophy;* and that happiness consists in piety to the Creator, and universal benevolence."

While Religion was speaking I felt unusual transport animate my heart, insomuch that I awoke and beheld the Sun just rising. The vision

of the night enlightened and purified my soul, and incited me to that activity in the performance of the social virtues which alone can render the life of man valuable to himself and beneficial to his fellow-creatures.

SEDUCTION.

How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the fatal cause, of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance!—Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon——first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory?

STERNE.

OF all the crimes which contribute to human infelicity, seduction is looked upon with the most favourable eye. Even some persons of irreproachable morals seem to think it a venial offence, nay, merely obedience to the dictates of nature! They do not consider that female chastity is the true foundation of national honour; and that licentiousness, should it become universal among us, would, like an earthquake, overturn the social edifice.

Men of pleasure often triumph over their modest opponents, by a repetition of those witticisms which have been adopted as maxims by voluptuaries, from time immemorial. But what is still more reprehensible, many of the fair sex, by a simper of complacency, countenance the loose sallies of the libertine, while he exclaims—"I hate a prude! give me a girl whose freedom of dress and mien declare a mind disposed to gaiety and pleasure:—surely it can be no crime to love a pretty girl:—were not the sexes created for mutual love?" "Ye witlings! Suppose you rambled through a flower garden, would you wantonly pluck the beautiful blossoms, and after having gazed on each a moment, and in-

haled their balmy odours, cast them at your feet to wither?" "No, certainly:—no man of taste would behave so brutishly." Then just such a monster is the sensualist, who robs the virgin of her honour—then flings her from his arms "*like a detested sin*," and leaves her to perish. Yet this votary of Venus is admitted to an intercourse with women of rank and character, who affect to consider these blemishes merely as spots in the sun.

Let any man who thoughtlessly proceeds in the career of intrigue, pause a moment, and laying his hand upon his breast, question himself—"Can I bear the idea of my sister, or any female relation, being seduced?" No:—the enormity of the dishonour instantly presents itself, and every generous and delicate feeling rises in opposition to it. This is natural, this is noble; and on the same principle, no man has a right to seduce a woman even of the lowest class. She also has a father, a brother, or a kinsman, to whom her innocence and happiness are dear! Why would you add to the mass of human misery by her seduction? why detach a blameless individual from society, and condemn her to associate with those wretched outcasts, who, in their turn, prey upon their betrayer, man? The monster who gains the affections of an amiable young woman, and, forgetful that he is her natural protector, sacrifices her chastity to his capricious desires, is more detestable than the guard who robs the traveller whom he was paid to protect!—more brutal than the ferocious tyger, who instinctively destroys the unresisting deer!

Is it not superlatively treacherous in the seducer to address his mistress in a voice attuned by tender-

ness, and with the smile of love, at the very moment he meditates her ruin?

Pause and reflect then, ye generous youth of Britain, ere you violate the chastity of the maiden—it is her only treasure, and renders her truly desirable. Conscious virtue gives lustre to her eye, delicacy to her complexion, and ease to her demeanour: it adorns her charming features with the smile of modesty, attunes her dulcet voice to the social affections, and renders her at once the ornament, the pride, and the delight of society. Why would you reduce this angelic creature to guilt and wretchedness?—Ah! love, but do not betray her!

Commiseration for an unhappy young lady suggested these reflections; but her own simple tale will best illustrate the necessity of an adherence to virtue. A regard for the survivors of the catastrophe requires that the characters should be disguised under fictitious names:—

Eliza Warner was the daughter of a clergyman, in Devonshire; she was educated under the eye of her mother, who, as well as her father, was particularly solicitous to form her mind to the love of rectitude. She was docile and good-natured; and as she grew up, the beauty of her person and her elegant attainments were the delight of her friends. In the sixteenth year of her age her father died, leaving his widow and three daughters in possession of a small estate.

Soon after this mournful event, William Benson, the son of a rich farmer, was captivated by the charms of Eliza, and declared his passion with all the simplicity of honourable love. As he was very amiable, he soon inspired his mistress with recipro-

cal tenderness, but their union was deferred on account of their youth and inexperience.

Meanwhile, Miss Anderson, a distant relation, from London, paid Mrs. Warner a visit; in the course of which she was so much delighted with the conversation and accomplishments of her cousin Eliza, that she proposed to take her into partnership in the millinery and perfumery business. After much hesitation, Mrs. Warner agreed to the proposal, but her daughter felt some reluctance at the idea of a separation from William. He heard of her designation with all the anguish of true love; and in an interview he besought her with tears in his eyes to decline the offer of a friend, and crown his wishes by marriage. Eliza listened and wept: she told him that obedience to the will of an affectionate mother was an indispensable duty;—but assured him of her constancy. They parted with mutual vows of fidelity, unconscious that it was a last adieu; and Eliza soon afterwards accompanied her relative to London.

For some months after her arrival in the capital, Eliza's hours glided away in uninterrupted cheerfulness. The variety of customers, the elegance of the town and its amusements, and the kind attention of Miss Anderson, compensated the lovely girl for the relinquishment of the peaceful rural bowers where she had so often tasted the sweets of domestic felicity, and listened to the voice of her tender William. She kept up a correspondence with him and her mother, which served at once to amuse and enliven her leisure hours.

Eliza Warner was a beautiful young woman; she had now attained her eighteenth year, and her

graceful form was moulded by the hand of perfection. Her blue eyes effused the lustre of health, her complexion was delicately fair, and her dulcet voice irresistibly affecting. As her cousin's shop was in Bond-street, it became the resort of several men of rank and fashion, some of whom tried various arts to seduce the lovely girl, but her modest yet dignified behaviour abashed and awed even the brazen visage of the libertine.

A fever which raged in the neighbourhood seized Miss Anderson, who died after an illness of four days, leaving Eliza at once mistress of a small property and unprotected. Her anguish for the loss of a beloved relative was only the prelude to greater misfortunes. Her friendless situation, which ought to have commanded the pity and esteem, only served to raise the dishonourable hopes of the debauchee. The pretty milliner of Bond-street was often the toast at an adjacent tavern, nor could her utmost circumspection escape the shafts of calumny.

Many were the artifices of dissipated young men of fashion to allure the lovely Eliza from the path of rectitude. Her virtue, like a shield, defended her from the attacks of flattery, the glances of wantonness, and the sighs of desire. But though neither manly beauty, accomplished manners, nor all the splendour of wealth, could subvert her virtue, she was betrayed through a much more insidious and fatal medium—the mental cantharides of modern philosophy, as administered in novels and other popular productions of genius. Deceived by the sophistical reasonings of certain adepts in depravity, she was taught to consider an *ideal justice* as paramount to the social affections; consequently any

man possessed of greater merit than William was entitled to the preference in her esteem.

While she indulged this pernicious opinion, the accomplished and witty Feignlove professed an honourable attachment, and as his affectation of passion had all the appearance of sincerity, the deluded Eliza listened to him with complacency, forgetful of her rustic lover. Overcome by the soothing entreaties of her admirer, her bosom palpitated with the fondest emotions, and the treacherous Feignlove triumphed over her virtue.

On reflection, the consciousness of dishonour roused her to phrensy, and her seducer, to allay her perturbation, promised to marry her. Day after day did Eliza urge her betrayer to lead her to the altar, while he constantly framed some plausible pretext for delay.

Meanwhile she received letters from her friends, entreating her to return to the country: but these proofs of their affection only served to render her wretchedness more intolerable. She threw them from her in an agony of desperation; and Feignlove, who entered the apartment at the moment, and perceived the cause of her grief, hastily perused and committed them to the flames. Eliza importuned him in the most solemn manner to make her reparation by marriage. She mentiond her having relinquished her lover and friends for his sake: he appeared affected, calmed her mind by promises, but left her house with a determination never to return!

Alarmed at his absence during the whole of the next day, she sent her maid-servant to his lodgings, who, on enquiry, found that he had removed to

another quarter of the town, and that his trunks were to be sent in a hackney coach at nine o'clock the following night. Maddened by this intelligence, the unhappy Eliza hastened to end her misery by the destruction of her seducer and herself. With this determination she left the shop to the care of her servant, went to the former lodgings of Feignlove, and when the coachman came to take away the trunks, she bribed him to convey her secretly into her lover's apartments. The coachman, who looked on the adventure as a mere frolic or intrigue, conducted the business with so much address, that he conveyed Eliza into Feignlove's bed-chamber.

After she had remained about two hours in concealment she heard the voice of her seducer in an adjacent room. He had invited a number of gay young intimates to supper, and as they sat round the festive board, vaunting of their conquests over female credulity, Feignlove amused them with the history of his recent amour, and concluded with saying, "She is a charming girl, but I was completely satiated: let her now console herself in the arms of her rustic lover. She is not destitute, having a small shop; which is a lucky circumstance, for I am so confoundedly involved in debt that I could not have made any provision for her." "D——n it, Jack," cried one of the company, "why did you not introduce me?" "No, faith!" rejoined Feignlove, "I durst not have made that experiment. I really rejoice that my connection with her is ended, for her temper is so violent, that I sometimes trembled for my personal safety in her presence."

Eliza, who had listened with agonising attention, felt her brain fired with a sudden phrenzy. She

burst out of the bed-chamber before the astonished company, rushed forward to the table, and seizing a carving-knife, exclaimed, "Well might you tremble, villain!—well might you fear in the presence of her you had injured, for the vengeance of violated honour now pursues you!"

She then sprang upon Feignlove, plunged the knife into his heart, and instantly turned the point upon herself, but was disarmed and secured. Feignlove expired in a few minutes, begging her pardon with his last breath. The phrensy of the wretched Eliza now subsided into melancholy, and she was removed to Bedlam, where, alas! no physician "*could minister medicine to her mind diseased!*"

While these calamities befel Eliza, her lover, Mr. Benson, was suddenly enriched by a legacy of two thousand pounds, left him by an uncle. Overjoyed at his good fortune, he hastened to Mrs. Warner and prevailed upon her to consent to his union with his ever dear Eliza. He then hired a post-chaise, and hastened to the capital: on his arrival he went to Eliza's shop, but she was not there. Her maid-servant, who had waited with painful solicitude for her return, informed him that she had been missing above a fortnight, and was prevailed upon by his entreaties to discover all she knew about the seduction of his beloved mistress. The unhappy young man was overwhelmed with affliction; but though an impenetrable gloom of mystery hung over her fate, he resolved to discover her if possible. His fond heart still languished for her, degraded as she was! He took lodgings in the house of a distant relation, who good-naturedly soothed his grief, and accompanied him to view the curiosities of London.

After having visited Westminster-abbey, St. Paul's and the Tower, they proceeded to Bedlam, where they surveyed the insane with commiseration. Their guide through this asylum of misery rendered the pitiable scenes still more affecting, by relating anecdotes of several of the patients, and as they proceeded to a remote apartment, he said, "We are now going to see an object truly entitled to our pity. The patient is a beautiful young woman who was seduced, and abandoned by her seducer, whom she pursued, and, in the madness of revenge, murdered. She was a most lovely creature when brought hither a few days ago; but, as she will scarcely take any nourishment, she is reduced to a skeleton, notwithstanding our care. Poor thing, she is almost continually talking—tread softly, that we may observe her undisturbed." William felt a sudden qualm, and his heart sickened at the recollection of his lost Eliza, while his eyes glistened with sympathy for the unknown sufferer.

They entered the room so silently, that the maniac, who was seated on a chair with her back towards the door, did not perceive them. She appeared as if talking to another person, with her right hand extended in the attitude of entreaty. "Ah! my dear Feignlove," cried she, in a low querulous voice, "I see—I see the wound in your side! —forgive me!—but why did you deceive me?" "Gracious Providence," exclaimed William, "it is my Eliza!" The maniac turned her head: it was indeed Eliza;—but so altered, that her lover started back as if from a spectre!—Her once blooming cheek was pale—her eyes were sunk—her lips livid—the gloom of moody melancholy frowned

on her once polished and serene brow. She viewed William with a wild and vacant glare:—he approached, and a feeble ray of recognition for a moment animated her visage. She started up with a smile of extacy and outstretched arms; but in a moment her countenance changed, she uttered a shriek of horror, and sunk back into the chair. William supported her in his arms, while his generous heart was bursting with sorrow to meet his beloved Eliza unexpectedly—deprived of honour and of reason—and sinking to the grave! While he strove to restore her to life, the tears of faithful love gushed from his eyes, and besprinkled her face as he bent mournfully over her. She revived for a moment—opened her eyes, gazed affectionately on his face, and instantly expired. Medical aid was called in, but life was gone—for ever gone, beyond the power of resuscitation.

" Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust;
Did ye but know how seldom *fools* are just;
So many of your sex would not in vain
Of broken vows and faithless men complain.
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betray'd?
Convinc'd by reason, they your pow'r confess,
Pleas'd to receive, while you are pleas'd to bless,
And conscious of your worth, can never love you less."

LITERATURE.

Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Hold an unthinking multitude enthrall'd.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hood-wink'd. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranc'd.

COWPER.

LITERATURE, that celestial handmaid of Knowledge, under the guidance of Truth, unites the ingenious, the good, and the virtuous, in one mystic chain of confraternity. How often has the intelligent and studious mind been enlightened and invigorated, by the beautiful descriptions and elevated conceptions of genius! How often have the tears of sympathy, or the generous glow of joy, been excited by a pathetic and lively portraiture of the vicissitudes of human life; and while the eye drank instruction, the heart was meliorated and the understanding enlarged.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, English literature, in addition to the sublimity of Milton, and the pathos of Shakespeare, received a more finished polish, both in prose and verse, from Addison and Pope. That glorious and ever-to-be-admired constellation of genius which irradiated the reigns of Anne and George the First, diffused a lustre over our language, which time cannot diminish! While the dulcet strains of Pope are expressive of the very soul of harmony, the elegant essays of

Addison unite the sprightliness of wit with the dignified serenity of morality and religion.

Sterne was the first successful author of what has been termed sentimental writing. By a profound knowledge of the passions, combined with an effervescence of genius seldom equalled, this singular author overpowered the heart and led captive the fancy of his reader. His "Tristram Shandy," and "Sentimental Journey," raised a number of imitators; and since that period, all our novels, and even our newspapers, have been tinctured with sentiment.

But, alas! the eccentricities of genius, like the aberrations of a comet, are often injurious to that system which they might embellish. While the volumes of Sterne abounded with a pathos which dissolved the heart of the reader, like the song of the Syrens, they communicated the contagion of depravity. In his humourous delineations of character, he too often degraded his wit by an intermixture of licentiousness; and while his philanthropy and sensibility rendered his works a treasure to the enthusiastic feeling heart, they were prejudicial to that purity of mind which constitutes true happiness.

Lord Chesterfield also contributed to the laxity of morals. His celebrated "Letters," written in a familiar style, and abounding with pertinent remarks which evinced the man of the world, at once captivated and contaminated the heart. Accustomed himself to revel in scenes of voluptuous pleasure, where all was artifice and delusion, he recommended gallantry and suavity of manners, in preference to sincerity and *manly integrity*. The effects of his writings are thus energetically described by the poet:

" Thou polish'd and high-finish'd foe to truth,
Grey-beard corruptor of our list'ning youth!
To purge and skim away the filth of vice,
That, so refin'd, it might the more entice;
Then pour it on the morals of thy son,
To taint his heart, was worthy of thine own!"

Hume's metaphysical essays were calculated to introduce that scepticism which has since been too successfully promulged among us, but their baneful effects were ably counteracted by a phalanx of moralists, who arose in succession to "*vindicate the ways of God to man.*"

At the head of these elegant writers appeared Dr. Johnson, whose comprehensive genius analysed the relative duties of mankind, and recommended the practice of virtue with resistless eloquence. Sometimes, indeed, melancholy begloomed his mind, like a cloud intercepting the rays of the sun; but on most subjects his intellectual irradiations delight the reader, who is animated and instructed by his sublime essays.

Dr. Hawkesworth and other moralists also studied to promote the improvement of public morals, but the labours of those excellent men have been partly counteracted by several of our contemporaries of both sexes, who have ingloriously prostituted their talents to vice.

Many of our modern female writers, both of poetry and romance, have contributed to the depravation of the national taste, by their caricatures of the passions. To amuse is the object of these writers; and they care not how much the heart of the reader is inflamed by voluptuous descriptions, if they can but amuse. When these handmaids of licentious-

ness assume a more solemn tone, the demon of melancholy is conjured up to terrify the imagination; the sympathy of the reader is excited for some offender against the social virtues; and while the unsuspicious bosom swells with a sigh of pity, the fatal taint of depravity infects the heart, under the semblance of commiseration. The general pernicious tendency of novels and romances is thus energetically satirised by a modern poet:

> "Howe'er disguis'd th' inflammatory tale,
> And cover'd with a fine-spun, specious veil,
> Such writers and such readers owe the gust
> And relish of their pleasure all to *lust*."

Doubtless many a virtuous matron and virgin will be surprised at this assertion, and blush to find that what they had considered as a rational amusement, was in reality a most dangerous engine of corruption.

These lighter productions of genius, however, are not wholly engrossed by female writers. Men of distinguished talents have added their names to the list of novelists. Reflecting that novels might be converted into a medium of philosophic speculation, they have introduced scepticism to the reader under the semblance of romance. Indeed, the generality of our novels abound either with dangerous sophistry, or girlish insignificance; and like several of our modern dramas, are too well calculated to vitiate the public taste.

We are told that Waller employed the greatest part of a summer in composing and correcting ten verses! Happy would it be for the readers of the

present day, did our modern poets and prose-writers proceed with equal circumspection.—Novels would then be novel indeed; and paper, which has been enhanced by the quantity required for those voluminous productions, would be purchaseable at a moderate price, and might again be used for the more valuable purpose of disseminating knowledge.

Mediocrity is truly said to be the distinguishing character of our modern poetry, which in general is rather *pretty* than *beautiful*. There are few of those extravagant, but sublime flights of Milton or Shakespeare to be found in the favourite poetry of the day, which

"We cannot blame indeed---but we may sleep."

It is at once amusing and instructive to trace the revolutions of the public taste since the time of Addison. When he wrote, elegant literature became popular, the national taste was refined by his dissertations, and continued unimpaired till the introduction of sweet-sounding nonsense, by the poetical Della Crusca empirics.

Scarcely had the public mind recovered from its temporary delirium, when the story of Leonora was translated from the German, to the gratification of the judicious lovers of *demonology*. This exquisite production of the Teutonic muse was acknowledged to be

"In all the realms of nonsense absolute!"

It gleamed like an ominous meteor of the night,

for a moment, then vanished, and was soon forgotten. Individuals who are capable of writing should pause, and reflect with the poet, when speaking of the pen—

> " The sacred implement I now employ
> May prove a *mischief*, or at best a *toy*;
> A trifle if it move but to *amuse*,
> But if to *wrong* the judgment, or *abuse*,
> Worse than a poignard in the basest hand,
> *It stabs at once the morals of a land!*"

We can boast of living authors whose works will delight and instruct posterity. Far be it from the candid satirist to cherish for a moment that unfounded prejudice, which would exalt the merit of our ancestors by the depreciation of contemporary genius: at the same time it must be acknowledged with regret, that our most estimable are not always our most popular writers. Those authors who stoop to amuse the giddy throng at the expence of their principles, are too often successful; but sterling merit will survive such temporary productions, as the ever-green flourishes in perennial beauty amid the decays of surrounding vegetation.

Let not a passion for fame tempt the man of genius from the path of rectitude into the wild regions of licentious fancy. The task of an author is the most important that can be imagined;—it is his duty to ameliorate the morals of society: but errors disseminated by his seductive eloquence, may deprave thousands of intelligent beings!—Let him reflect, that his most secret studies are open to the eye of an omnipresent Creator, to whom he must be accountable for the use he makes of his

talents. Under this impression he will consecrate the energies of his mind to Virtue, convinced that "it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time and place."

REVIEWERS.

He that refines the public taste is a public benefactor.
JOHNSON.

OUR literary censors have often been reproached with malignity, especially by unsuccessful authors; but a candid investigation of the charge will convince us, that the reviewers generally condemn books on the same principle that the inspectors of public markets seize unwholesome provisions—lest they should injure the community.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

The most valuable work of periodical criticism which this or any other nation has produced, is the Monthly Review, which is evidently conducted on

the most independent principles. As moralists, the reviewers merit the esteem of good men; for though in a moment of vivacity they may sanction the general laugh raised by the humourous descriptions of Peter Pindar, yet they are neither the abettors of licentiousness, bigotry, nor infidelity.

From their decisions, sanctioned by taste, it will be dangerous to appeal, as is sometimes done, to the judgment of a people whom they have so long amused and instructed.

The reviewers, however, are only human beings, and as such are not infallible: every man of common sense will doubtless claim the great privilege of reason, and judge for himself; but on comparing his own opinion with theirs, he will often be agreeably surprised at the coincidence.

CRITICAL REVIEW.

For nearly half a century this review has given criticisms on new publications as they appeared in succession. Indeed its pages have been accused, and probably with reason, of partiality to certain booksellers; yet the general tenour of its criticism will endure the scrutinising eye of the investigator. Alarmed by the animadversions of this review on the works of others, many a young author has paused in his progress towards absurdity; and by turning into the path of propriety, smoothed by criticism, he eventually arrived at the temple of Fame, which would have been inaccessible by any other road.

BRITISH CRITIC.

This publication has contributed to the rectification of youthful judgment when employed in classical pursuits.—It is to be regretted, indeed, that its pages have sometimes been subservient to prejudice. Impartiality in a review is, like generosity in an individual, the most exalted virtue; but though this review has in some instances decided with too much severity against writers of opposite political and religious opinions, it has been a formidable opponent to infidelity—a most eloquent and puissant defender of Christianity. In this light, the British Critic is entitled to the veneration of pious men, who, while they approve and admire the acuteness with which sophistry is analysed and confuted in its pages, will readily overlook its imperfections.

ANTIJACOBIN REVIEW.

This formidable adversary to innovators and theorists of every description who militate against the present establishment in church and state, excites a mixture of esteem and disapprobation in most unprejudiced readers. Its pages abound with energetic and elaborate investigations of political works, and when disposed to bestow approbation, the critic can do it with a good grace.

MONTHLY MIRROR.

This review contains a candid and liberal account of new publications, inclining, as all the critical journals should, to the side of mercy, as in the days of old,

"When Criticism the Muse's hand-maid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd."

The Monthly Mirror contains the most judicious criticism on the drama hitherto published; and for accurate observations on the players at the theatres in the metropolis and the provincial towns, it may justly be considered as a complete register of the English stage.

MONTHLY EPITOME.

A very judicious collection of extracts from new publications.

Besides these Critical Monthly publications, there are a variety of Magazines, particularly The Gentleman's, European, Monthly, Agricultural, &c.; —all of which contain useful essays on various subjects.

Religion is also elucidated by miscellaneous pamphlets, among which The Universal Theological Magazine seems well entitled to the public patronage.

NEWSPAPERS.

——To hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature; to show Virtue her own feature; Scorn, her own image; and the very age and body of the Time, his form and pressure.

SHAKESPEARE.

Among the numerous advantages bestowed on civilised nations by the art of printing, newspapers have long formed an excellent medium of universal intelligence. Before the establishment of these paper mercuries, the generality of mankind continued in a state of ignorance respecting each other and the globe which they inhabited, excepting the vague knowledge communicated by the imperfect account of travellers.

Advertisements on different subjects not only amuse, but instruct the reader; though in this respect it must be acknowledged, that many of our public prints disseminate pernicious intelligence.—False attestations in favour of nostrums often disgrace their columns; and the modesty of the reader is sometimes offended by meeting advertisements by which assignations and intrigues are carried on under fictitious names. This is the more reprehensible, as we often in the next column see a spirited and well-timed satire on some recent immoral transaction.

Thus, like every other human institution, our public prints are tinctured with imperfection, though of general utility; as the same fertile soil is at once productive of nutritious grain and poisonous

plants. Till the legislature shall deem it proper to suppress quackery, the editors of our journals will accept money from empirics for the publication of their advertisements.

Our newspapers exhibit a lively and interesting view of the busy and the gay world, nor are the ridiculous freaks of fashion overlooked by news writers. The foibles of the vain and the great are commonly too light to be corrected by serious admonitions from the pulpit, and too evanescent to allow the satirist time to attack them in a volume; but our ephemeral censors, like eagles on the wing, instantly perceive and pursue their quarry, which is seldom able to elude or survive their grasp. A newspaper is indeed a tremendous inquisitorial instrument, and the most abandoned characters in high life would tremble at the idea of being publicly exposed through its magnifying medium. By them we obtain general ideas of the state of the civilized world; affecting incidents, which exhibit new views of human nature; and the perpetual vicissitudes of the nations of the earth.

A SKETCH OF MODERN MANNERS.

——— Catch the manners living as they rise.
POPE.

THE active community which inhabits this extensive and populous capital, with all its complicated movements, is like a vast machine, kept in a state of regularity by that powerful spring—*the love of gain*. Wealth, which in a barbarous state would endanger the possessor, is here the foundation of his security; and the deference paid to him in consequence of his opulence, renders his situation at once respectable and enviable.

Affectation is another prominent trait of modern manners. The urbanity and apparent liberality of sentiment which exist in this community, and that suavity of demeanour every where prevalent, is too often affected.

A desire to appear opulent, or in easy circumstances, is another branch of affectation. Poverty being considered as the greatest of evils in this commercial city, numbers, whose subsistence depends upon credit, launch into expences which must terminate in their ruin, rather than attend to a system of economy, which would have rendered them comfortable through life. How preposterous is their vain emulation to equal their more opulent neighbours in dress, furniture, and amusements! This passion for *notoriety* is so great, that even perfumers and milliners assume consequential airs, from the accidental circumstance of their residing

in a polite neighbourhood; and many coxcombs, who would readily carry about an umbrella or any thing connected with the idea of gentility, would go without their breakfast rather than be seen carrying a loaf *for their own use* from the baker's shop!

That innate *love of variety*, so natural to the human mind, is here carried to excess. Hence monsters and reptiles, the most remarkable and hideous, are collected from distant regions of the globe, and exhibited to the curious in this capital. Here the lion may be viewed with safety; the vast and sagacious elephant stands gazing at his wondering visitors, while the horrid crocodile and deathful rattlesnake appear in all their natural deformity, to gratify the public.

Next to the love of novelty may be mentioned its concomitant—*profusion*. Indeed luxurious habits are not confined to the opulent, but descend with different shades of distinction, in a regular gradation, from the perfumed toilette and magnificent route of the duchess, to the *tidy* washerwoman and her gossiping companions, seated at the tea table;—from the peer over his wine, to the porter-drinking mechanic.

Another distinguishing trait of modern manners, is the *mechanical regularity* which generally pervades society, with the exception of the dissolute and idle, who may be considered as interlopers in a *well-organised* community. Regularity, with respect to the hours devoted to business and rest, is necessary to the well-being of the busy emporium, though too often productive of a lethargic plodding habit, which almost converts the man into a mere automaton.

One of the most whimsical and amusing peculiarities of this capital, is the dispatch with which any recent event is pourtrayed by caricaturists, so as to excite risibility.

Another singular and pleasing medium of news, is the ballads sung in the streets, in celebration of some recent fortunate event; such as the return of peace; nay, even our grievances are satyrised and described in humourous songs, so as to excite mirth. The condemnation of criminals furnishes employment to the hawker, and a description of an execution, together with the dying-speech of the sufferer, will perhaps afford subsistence to his fellow-creature for a week; so that, strange as it may appear, both public and private misfortunes become merchandise in the hands of the ingenious of this capital.

Money, with the generality of people, is every thing. It must indeed be mortifying to the opulent to observe, that the attachment of their dependents, and even the *apparent esteem* of their friends, arises from the respect paid to riches. The vulgar herd bow before the wealthy with reverence; but it is the money, and not the individual, which they respect.

The most trivial article demanded by a customer will occasion an instantaneous interruption of the social converse of a tradesman; and, doubtless, a *philosophic tallow-chandler* would hasten from the contemplation of the starry heavens to vend a farthing rushlight!

The love of *censure* prevails among the young, the frivolous, and the vain.—Their remarks assault our ears in the public streets, taverns, coffee-houses, and theatres. "Even churches are no sanctuaries

now!" Indeed vanity is the characteristic of the majority of young people in London. Effeminacy is a conspicuous foible among young men; especially those idle, lisping, and most insignificant beings, vulgarly yclep'd *gentlemen*. A part of the human species, who, because they are born to an inheritance, consider themselves as not accountable to their country for a waste of time and talents. Nay, so mischievous is the disposition of some of our modern men of spirit, that the community would willingly compromise the matter with them, and overlook their *foibles*, on condition that they would not vitiate the morals of others by their pernicious example.

With respect to society in general, we are neither so effeminate nor degenerate as some cynics assert. Our health, notwithstanding the daily and insidious attempts made by *Quacks* to undermine it, is as good as that of our ancestors, while we certainly excel them in knowledge and refinement. A comparison of the state of learning thirty years ago with that of the present day, will corroborate this assertion; and indeed knowledge has been generally diffused throughout England, by the institution of Sunday schools, and the circulation of the works of our best authors.

The moral character of the laborious classes in London, is very different from that of the rustic. They retain his vulgarity, unaccompanied with his simplicity and integrity. A certain *knavish acuteness* is perceptible in the physiognomy of several carters, draymen, hackney coachmen, &c.; they are possessed of the "*wisdom of the serpent*," but we look in vain for the "*innocence of the dove*." At

the same time it must be acknowledged, that a great majority of our labouring poor are very worthy characters, whose industry is essential to the accommodation and social happiness of themselves and others.

Among the peculiarities of the people of London, their affected taste for rural scenes is ridiculous. In imitation of those birds of passage that constitute what is called the fashionable world, almost every petty tradesman and artist must be indulged with a yearly jaunt to Brighton, Tunbridge, or Margate. Leaving the management of his business to a shopman, the tradesman drives his curricle with the rapidity of a Jehu to some watering-place. Mr. Wick, the tallow-chandler, comes to light at that scene of insignificance and frivolity—BRIGHTON; and Mr. Cut-throat, the butcher, hastens to Margate to cleanse his hands of the blood of his brother brutes!—Even the artist and mechanic throw aside their tools, and hurry from town as if it were infested by the plague, while some lisping apprentice or maid-servant is left behind to inform whoever calls that—"*Master is gone to the country!*"

With respect to the modish part of the pedestrians of both sexes, they appear as much under the influence of frivolity as ever. Their ablutions at Brighton and Margate, during the summer, have prepared them for the resumption of their hyemal pursuits; such as theatricals, masquerades, gaming and intrigue.

The beaux, indeed, are not altogether so effeminate as they appeared last winter. The *trowsers* are not so complete an imitation of the loose drapery of the petticoat as formerly; nor are their collars

stuffed so full as to give the appearance of a *crick*. They have not, however, divested themselves of that ridiculous severity of look, which they assume in order to appear *men of spirit and consequence;* or that conceited air, which seems to say—" I'm a very elegant young fellow, a'nt I?"

The ladies, in consequence of the martial ardour which prevails, seem determined to commence hostilities against the other sex, and have actually opened the campaign in a manner which does honour to their spirit, though it leads us to question their prudence. For instance, they wage war like the ancient Gauls, exposing themselves, almost naked, to the rigour of a wintery atmosphere. They also paint, probably in imitation of the savage nations, who stain their bodies with different colours, in order to terrify the enemy. This mode of defence has a very different effect among us; for it is observable, that the heroines thus equipped, in consequence of wearing a thin *coat of mail*, or rather *coat of paint*, are assailed with greater ardour by their opponents.

Female habiliments have long been remarkable for the delicacy of the texture; but we do not find that economy is consulted with respect to price, for the robe, or even the veil, of a fashionable lady is more costly than a whole suit of the plain kind. It must be an universal passion to excite admiration, which causes our lovely women to risk their health and reputation, by appearing in the public streets and theatres in a garb similar to that worn by demireps or actresses. The childish exposure of their elbows is truly ridiculous; and, for the better preservation of the health of those who are mothers and nurses of the rising generation, it might be ex-

pedient for the legislature to levy a tax upon every woman who appeared in public with naked arms or elbows. Hence those fair ones, who preferred admiration to gold, might *exhibit* according to the statute.

Pope Innocent XI. published an edict, "commanding women to cover their shoulders, their necks, and their arms to the wrist." Such a law in England would certainly be conducive to the health of our lovely women; but the dear creatures are so generous, that they would rather suffer from the frequent changes of the weather, than selfishly conceal their beauties! Many of them, it is true, will doubtless experience aches and pains in their old age, as a reward for this liberality, and a just retribution for the frequent heart-aches with which they now torment their admirers.

As fashion delights in extremes, several philosophic ladies, during last winter, encased their delicate forms in the Turkish *pelisse*. Perhaps they will go still farther this season, and conceal their beauties with the *mahramah*, or thick veil worn in Turkey. The sudden change from a light and almost transparent dress, to a velvet pelisse, with a wadding so thick that the arms and shoulders of the wearer seem wrapped up for the gout or rheumatism, is another proof that propriety and fashion go hand in hand.—From the increased perspiration of the delicate fair one, this dress may be called *the tepid-bath of fashion*; nay, it is evident, that the ladies have studied geography, and having discovered that bears and other *wild animals* in the northern regions are covered with a thick fur, they wisely imitate nature, by a dress suitable to the season.

Some advocate for modish vanity may exclaim, "This cynic is equally displeased with a thin and warm dress, and satirises the fashions, rather from a desire to vent his spleen, than to correct impropriety." The female habit, however, ought neither to be so light as to give the wearer the appearance of a paper kite, subject to be carried away by every sudden gust; nor so warm as to remind us of the climate of Russia or Lapland. Simplicity of dress is, like modesty of manners, the handmaid of grace. Gorgeous ornaments distract the imagination of the observer, and the wearer, like the silkworm, is hid amid her own magnificence. But a decent garb adjusted to the elegant contour of the female form, concealing those beauties that would obtrusively force themselves upon our observation, and harmonising with a virtuous mind; this is the dress that we should recommend to the fair sex; and which, combined with a modest demeanour, is more attractive than the cestus of Venus! can render even beauty more amiable, impress the idea of angelic perfection and innocence on the mind of the beholder, and compel us to adore virtue, thus personified in woman!

As to painting, several of our *limned ladies* have, by a repeated application of beautifiers, so effectually closed the pores of the face and bosom, as to prevent perspiration; and they have gradually attained a sallow hue similar to figures in composition. Their nudity, at the public theatres, is a demonstration of their almost hopeless state; while the philosophic coxcombs who surround them, seem to consider them *merely as elegant paintings*—nay, *as a part of the entertainment!*

Modern refinement has spread rapidly through this vast community; insomuch that gentility is affected by every class of our fellow citizens. A most curious variety of dialects distinguish the different classes, almost as effectually as if they were clothed in a peculiar habit, like the East-Indian *casts*. Nevertheless, by occasional visits to the theatres, even the most vulgar have caught a few fashionable words, which they intermingle with their own phraseology, thus forming a most curious jargon. The word *woman* is obsolete, and would be considered as a term of reproach even by an oyster-wench! Every individual of the fair sex is either a *female* or a *lady*. Instead of that broad sonorous word w...., we use the more elegant gallicism *prostitute;* indeed the bold old English epithet is too harsh for the delicate auricular nerves of our females or ladies, many of whom would feel as much alarm on hearing it, as a valetudinarian would at the mention of death.

Several other words have been disused by the puppyism of modern refinement. There is no such thing as *sweat* now-a-days; even the coal-porter and the butcher's boy *perspire*—elegant creatures! Yet the exudation from the pores was called *sweat* by MILTON, a man of the most exalted taste and comprehensive genius; a man, whose works will be read with admiration, when our lisping *automata*, with their *perspiration*, their, *ennui*, and their *a-propos*, shall be forgotten.

THE END.

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